# Leatherneck

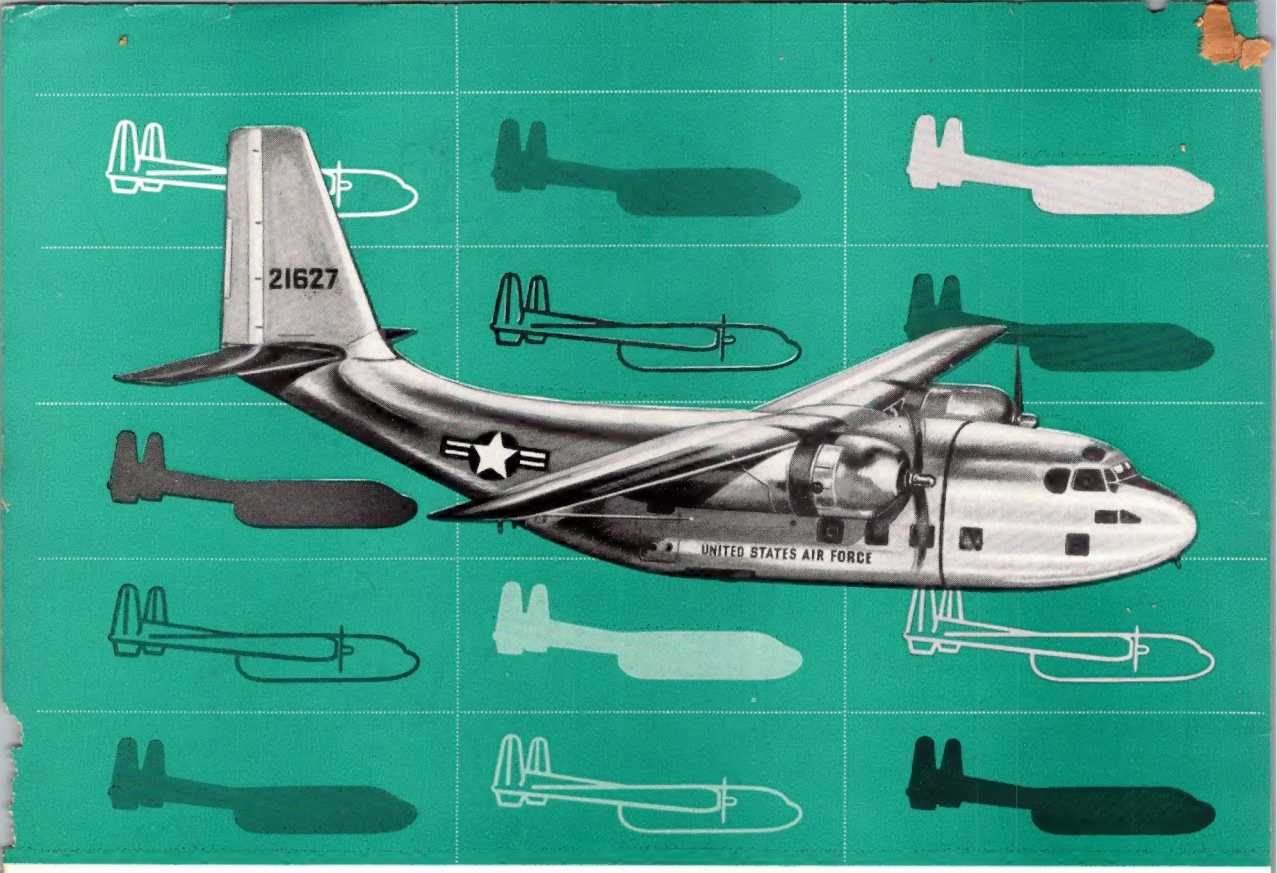
JULY 1954 MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES 25c

## CHOW DOWN

★

## CAPITAL BEAT

The story of the Armed Services Police

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# IN THIS *Leatherneck*

## NEXT ISSUE

The August copy of Leatherneck will be a **SOUVENIR OF THE FAR EAST.** It will be a tribute to every Marine who served there since 1950. Readers will be saving their copies for years to come as a remembrance and a reference.

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## THIS MONTH'S COVER

There are places where local legislation outlaws the traditional noisy celebration of America's Day of Independence. Our Corporal Grease Port, about to start the Fourth of July with a bang, is indeed fortunate. LEATHERNECK staff artist, Sgt. Charles W. Beveridge, has transferred him to a you-know-where duty station long accustomed to fireworks.

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Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

### WHAT'S MY RANK?

Dear Sir:

I retired February 1, 1935, on 30 years service. At that time the Marine Corps did not have the rank of master sergeant. Sometime back I received an Identification Card from HQMC which read sergeant major, later this was returned for an Armed Forces Card; this came back with the rank of master sergeant. All my correspondence from HQMC reads sergeant major. My last warrant and retired papers show sergeant major. It is very confusing sometimes when used for identification purposes.

Name withheld by request

● *Technically, your rank is sergeant major. However, for administrative purposes, you are considered by HQMC as a master sergeant. If you prefer your Armed Forces card to read "sergeant major," return it to HQMC and request that it be changed.—Ed.*

### SPLENDID ARTICLE

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to the splendid article "Great Dates of the Corps" by Joel D. Thacker in ..... the *Leatherneck*. It is noted, with great disappointment that the heroic action

of the Marine Corps during the War between the States (Civil War to us damyankees) was omitted.

To further my studies of the Civil War during the past five years, I purposely requested duty at this fine hospital and outstanding Marine Base in order to be right in the center of the locale for the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac. I know for sure that the Marines saw action at Vicksburg and at Gettysburg. I, for one, would greatly appreciate reading an entire article in one of the forthcoming *Leathernecks* on the history of the Marine Corps during the Civil War.

CWO W. H. MacInnes
U. S. Naval Hospital,
Quantico, Virginia

● *Your letter was forwarded to Mr. Joel D. Thacker, Marine Corps Historian, HQMC, who states; "I have been giving such an article some consideration." He conveys his thanks for your kind words.—Ed.*

### BLUE UNIFORM

Dear Sir:

In accordance with the undress Blues for summer wear, I would like to know if it is possible to get the Blue trousers, tropical shirt, white belt, white cap cover and gold collar emblems over here in Hawaii. There are many of us over here that would gladly send for ours or buy a set . . . if the uniform such as I described could become part of the summer wear.

Corp. Frank W. Coleman
Naval Gunfire Plt.,
1st Anglico, FMF, Pac.,
Camp Catlin,
Oahu Island, Hawaii

● *Paragraph 49250, Figure 49-3 (Rev. 11/10/52) of the Marine Corps Manual prescribes white cap cover, white belt, khaki shirt, blue trousers, and gilt ornaments as Blue Undress B without coat to be worn only by male enlisted personnel "during the summer months, on sea, recruiting duty and in those commands authorized the blue uniform."*

*We took the liberty of forwarding your letter to the Permanent Uniform Board, HQMC.—Ed.*

### 1903 SPRINGFIELD RIFLE

Dear Sir:

I have a question for you and would appreciate it if you will put the answer in the *Leatherneck* "Sound Off" column, as a very good friend of mine, a Chief Corpsman, bets that a 30-cal. bullet shot from a 1903 Springfield rifle would go from the muzzle to the target at 2600 yards without turning end-over-end.

Also, at what range would the bullet have spent itself, and actually turn end-over-end . . . if it was fired from a 1903 Springfield rifle and the standard 30-cal. ammunition?

MSgt. Louis F. Shook
95th Special Infantry Company,
USMCR,
USNRTC, Menominee Park,
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

● *The maximum horizontal range for the 30-caliber ball M2 cartridge is about 3500 yards. Bullets fired from a 1903 Springfield rifle will fall to the ground without tumbling . . . if fired from a rifle with the bore in good condition. —Ed.*

### APOLOGY

Dear Sir:

In regards to Capt. A. S. Ruggiero's question about what units in the First Marine Division have been awarded the Navy unit Commendation Ribbon, you stated in the "Sound Off" column that no unit so far has won the NUC.

I will have to contest that. I believe that you will find that one platoon made up of 38 men and two officers, and with Underwater Demolition Team #1, made four raids along the coast of Korea, and for this they were

awarded the Navy Unit Commendation.

TSgt. D. L. Cropper
T&E Unit, HqCo., HqBn.,
Marine Corps Schools,
Quantico, Virginia

● *A recheck with the Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, reveals that the Navy Unit Commendation was awarded to Special Operations Group, Amphibious Group One, Pacific Fleet, consisting of the USS* Horace Bass, *Underwater Demolition Team ONE, and Reconnaissance Company (Minus), First Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force, for service in Korea from 12 to 25 August, 1950.—Ed.*

**TAN SOCKS**

Dear Sir:

Please give me an interpretation of Paragraph 49080, MCM. The first sentence says the "socks shall correspond in color to the shoes worn," which I construe as meaning that with dress shoes only, dark brown socks may be worn. However, the second sentence seemingly contradicts this by going on to say that; "enlisted men will wear dark brown or tan socks with the standard issue low quarter shoes." The question is: Is it permissible to wear tan socks with dress shoes?

In Norfolk, Virginia, you can't get out the gate if you're wearing tan socks, however, at Camp Lejeune everyone wears them. An answer to this will be appreciated.

Pfc Ronald E. Ward
Marine Detachment,
U.S.S. Wisconsin (BB-64),
FPO, New York, N. Y.

● *Paragraph 49080, Marine Corps Manual, authorized tan socks to be worn by enlisted personnel. Paragraph 250.2 of Annual Individual Clothing Regulations classifies tan socks as* limited standard. *Paragraph 54213,*

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TURN PAGE

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

*Marine Corps Manual, and Paragraph 351.2 of the Annual Individual Clothing Regulations, state that* limited standard items *will be issued in lieu of the standard item (dark brown socks).*

*Accordingly, it appears that tan socks are authorized for wear when they are issued.—Ed.*

### NAVY OCCUPATION RIBBON

Dear Sir:

We of S.D.T., Weapons Company, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, have a problem which we would like to have you answer.

There are a few of us who have the Navy Occupation Ribbon and we have been wearing the "E," and have been reprimanded for wearing it. Is it true that we cannot wear it?

Also, are these men entitled to wear the NATO ribbon?

Another thing, when is the "Old Gunny" going to give school on proper wearing of decorations and ribbons? A lot of people seem to be misinformed on this subject.

SSgt. Chas. E. Holt
Weapons Company, S.D.T.,
Marine Corps Schools,
Quantico, Virginia

● *Appropriate clasps marked "Europe" and "Asia" are authorized to be attached to the ribbon of the Navy Occupation Service Medal to denote service in Europe and Asia respectively.* No distinctive device to denote possession of these clasps is authorized for wear on the service ribbon.

*Only one "Europe" clasp is authorized, regardless of whether personnel served on one or more tours of duty in the European Area during the period for which this medal is authorized.*

*To date, there has been no medal authorized by the Government for wear by United States Forces serving with NATO.*

*Thanks for suggesting a topic for "The Old Gunny." We'll pass your request on to him.—Ed.*

### PROUD DAD

Dear Sir:

In answer to SSgt. Thomas G. Shropshier's letter which appeared in the February, 1954 issue of *Leatherneck,* I would like to claim the honor of being a proud "Pfc" papa of a son born November 10, 1952, the Marine Corps Birthday. This little fellow is as tough as any Marine. Does he have a twin?

Billy R. Barrett
Route #2
London, Kentucky

● *We'll have to let our readers answer this one for you, Dad.—Ed.*

### FAMOUS DAUGHTER

Dear Sir:

In the February, 1954 issue of *Leatherneck,* SSgt. Shropshier would like to claim the distinction of being the only Marine Corps Recruiting Sergeant whose son was born on November 10, 1953, the Marine Corps Birthday.

Although I cannot dispute his claim, since we didn't have a son born on the Marine Corps Birthday, but we did have a daughter born on November 10, 1947.

Ever since she was old enough to talk, she has been "Gung Ho" from the word go. She also knows all three verses of the Marine Corps Hymn, which is more than I can say for most people.

If Sgt. Shropshier can't claim the aforementioned distinction, I will add to my claim and state that the 6th Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District, Atlanta, Ga., is the only district having two recruiters who have children born on the Marine Corps Birthday.

MSgt. C. A. Dundek
Marine Corps Recruiting Station,
417 Post Office Building,
Macon, Georgia.

● *Congratulations, Sergeant Dundek. —Ed.*

### TRANSCRIPT OF MEDALS

Dear Sir:

Please obtain for me, an Army vet-

"Now, let's see you attract that pigeon!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

eran of World War II, a letter of authorization verifying my right to wear the following World War II ribbons which my Army record should warrant; World War II Victory Medal; American Theatre; and the Philippine Independence.

I was enlisted in the Army on January 11, 1941, in New York City, and honorably separated on May 23, 1945.

Pfc Harold H. Barnett,USMCR
Marine Corps Recruit Depot,
Parris Island, S. C.

● *We suggest that you write to the Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C., and request an official transcript of your decorations and medals. Once you receive the transcript, ask your first sergeant to have the information entered in your service record book for future reference.—Ed.*

### HOW LONG?

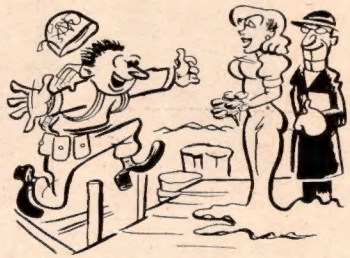
Dear Sir:

I was reading your "Sound Off" letters while at a friend's home and thought perhaps you could help me very much by answering my question.

The boy I'm going to marry went overseas in December of 1953 with the Seventh Marines and is now in Korea. He does not know how long he will be over there, and as we intend to marry as soon as he returns, I would like to know how long the Seventh Marines will be in Korea.

I will appreciate your answer as soon as possible, and will be watching for it in the *Leatherneck*.

Miss Annett Weist
Harrisburg, Pa.



● *We don't know how long the Seventh Marine Regiment will remain in Korea. Personnel attached to the First Marine Division (of which the Seventh is a part) are being rotated after they have completed 14 months service in Korea.—Ed.*

### MORASS OF ORDERS

Dear Sir:

Somewhere in the morass of orders, memorandums, etc., there is a paragraph which states "Any Reservist on active duty may be released three months early by joining the Organized Marine Reserve for a period of three years."

The person who told me of this order has since been discharged, and I have not been able to find anyone else who knows anything of this paragraph.

I would appreciate any information you could give me on the subject.

Pfc H. M. Cresap
HqCo., Force Troops,
FMF Atlantic
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *We are not aware of any directive which permits early release from active duty for the purpose of joining the Organized Marine Corps Reserve.*

*There is, however, a policy whereby certain Reserve and inductee personnel returning from overseas are being released up to three months early and those having obligated service under law are being transferred to or retained in the Marine Corps Reserve. Their subsequent affiliation with the Or-*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

CAVALCADE of SPORTS
CARL ERSKINE
CARL ERSKINE OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS WON HIS PLACE AMONG BASEBALL'S PITCHING IMMORTALS ON OCTOBER 3, 1953, IN THE THIRD GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES. HE FANNED 14 YANKEES INCLUDING TWO NINTH-INNING PINCH HITTERS TO SET A NEW STRIKE-OUT RECORD FOR THE FALL CLASSIC!
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# Behind the lines...

MSgt. Fugate

MSgt. Barnum

MSgt. Wells

IF THE AGE-OLD quip that "an army marches on its stomach" is as true today as it was the day Napoleon said it, then *Leatherneck* Staff Writer, Master Sergeant Robert T. Fugate's "Chow Down" should provide plenty of interest for our readers.

"Give us a tome on Corps gastronomics," we told the sergeant, "and do not spare either calories nor words!"

Sgt. Fugate, being a good Marine, complied. But for every thousand words he wrote, he gained a pound. The sergeant and his story grew bigger and bigger until deadline time. The story is on page 24; the sergeant is on a diet.

Week end liberty in Washington, D.C., has long been an enticement for service people serving at installations in the vicinity or passing through the District. An estimate of the number of these liberty hounds hovers around the 100,000 mark, per week end. Although a hundred thousand servicemen can't be wrong-doers, there are the usual eightballs who step out of line or foul themselves up. The irresponsible among the uniformed visitors would add to the heavy load already carried by the local District constabularies; to alleviate this burden, the Armed Services Police patrol the streets, pubs and tourist spots of the Nation's Capital. Master Sergeant Edward Barnum, staff writer, and Master Sergeant H. B. Wells, staff photographer, rode the wagon to get a first person story of the "Capital Beat." Words and pictures on page 14.

W.O. Fred Stolley's "Fireworks At Motoyama," beginning on page 32, will have a nostalgic ring for old timers who may have celebrated their boyhood Fourth of Julys with a dime's worth of carbide, some water, a good-sized can with lid, and a pack of matches. It was a simple process—drive a nail hole into the bottom of the can, pour in some carbide, add a few drops of water, close tightly, and hold a match to the nail hole.

BOOM!

It was dangerous, but it was also loud and cheap. Kids today live safer lives but it always seems to us that they're missing some of the fun we had. . .

Ever wish you were Commandant so you could make a few changes here and there? Well, we're not offering you the top man's job, but we are giving you a chance to sound off with pencil and paper, page 36 will put you were Commandant. If you've got a pencil and paper, page 38 will put you in business; there's a *Leatherneck* check waiting for every submitted opinion we print!

Karl A Schuon

Managing Editor

## SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 7*]

*ganized Marine Corps Reserve is on a purely voluntary basis. For further information, see paragraph 9, Marine Corps General Order Number 131.—Ed.*

### LETTER FROM SOUSA

Dear Sir:

Looking over the *Leatherneck* for January, 1954, I read with great pleasure the story of the Buglers' School, as I was one of those music boys of the early 1900s. However, it states in the story that they signed up for 10 years and nine months . . .

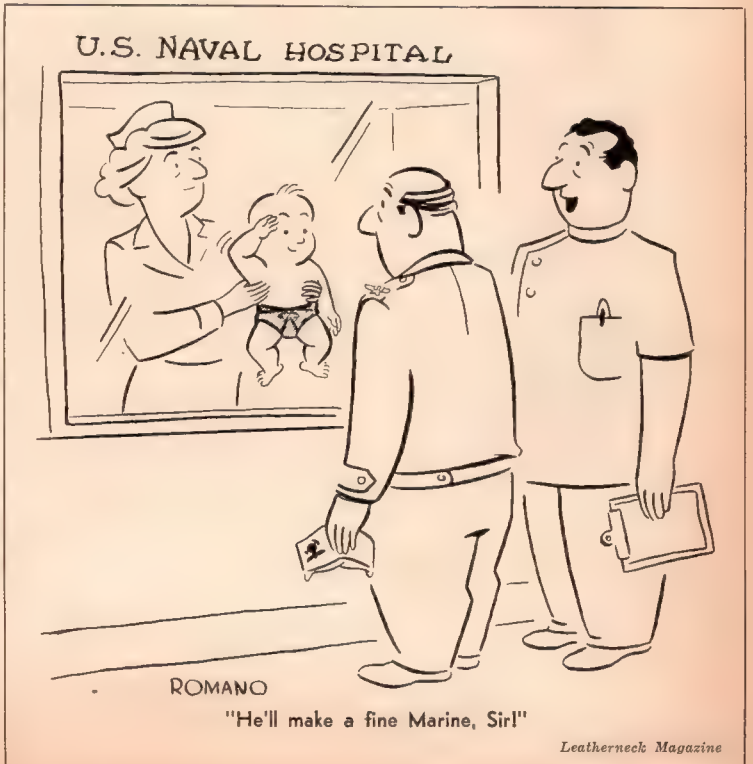
Major John A. Lejeune enlisted me at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., on the 29th day of March, 1905 as an apprentice boy. There were 60 of us at the time. We were given close order drill by old Pop Parddee (Gunnery Sergeant). Five days of the week, we went to school; two hours to trumpet school under retired Trumpeter George Fugitt; two hours to Drum School taught by Sammy Johnson (a Snare Drummer in the Marine Band); and two hours to grammar school taught by Ruben Bradley, Drum Major of the Band. On Saturdays, all boys living in the Washington, D. C., area were given 48 hours liberty.

There was always a Sousa in the Marine Band. My father, George W. Sousa, was Musician First Class, U. S. Marine Band; my uncle, John P. Sousa, was Director; and my grandfather was one of the first members of the Marine Band. After we had completed our schools, and the instructors found us qualified, we were sent up for a rating as a trumpeter or a drummer. A drummer had to do both duties; drummer and trumpeter. I was rated as a trumpeter.

We had some musics stationed with us who had been in the old Corps (Sammy Nowland and Sheenay Ober). They were enlisted under the same conditions that I was. Once a music, that was what you remained for the rest of your enlistment. We had no chance for promotion. After I was rated and completed a tour in the Philippines, I returned to Washington and was stationed with Sergeant Major Quick. At once, he assigned me to sounding taps over all deceased Navy and Marine officers buried in the Arlington Cemetery.

But these were the old days; 13 dollars a month, but we had just as much fun off that as you do today off yours.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)




"He'll make a fine Marine, Sir!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

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*Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.*

*To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.*

Compiled
by TSgt. John P. McConnell

Mrs. H. W. Schulz, 2054 Manhattan St., Erie, Mich., to hear from TSgt. **James F. COLEMAN**, or anyone in "G" Co., 3d Bn., Seventh Marines who served with her son, **Pfc Charles A. SCHULZ**, who was wounded on February 1, 1953, and died of wounds a few hours later.

* * *

Pfc James M. Henson, H&S Co., TACP, 2nd Bn., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc James ELINORE**, who may possibly be stationed somewhere in Korea.

* * *

Mr. Al Minie, 1031 Kilner Ave., Apt. B, St. Louis 23, Mo., to hear from buddies who served with him in the Corps from 1948 to 1952 especially **Bob RYAN** of Rockaway, N. J., **Collier HOLMES**, of Mass., and **Dale BRANDT**, of Michigan.

* * *

Mrs. Eileen Hoover, 218 N. Center St., Plano, Ill., to hear from SSgt **Barney O. SPURLOCK**, who formerly served with MABS-11, MAG-11, Edenton, N. C., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Pfc David L. Johnson, Division Disbursing Office, 1stMarDiv, c/o FPO San Francisco, Cal., to hear from **Pfc Edward SMITH**, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

SSgt. Harding W. McCiver, "E" Co., MCSD, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from **Sgt. Phillips B. MURRY.**

Mrs. Pat F. Morris, Box No. 5, Ledbetter, Ky., to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of **Pfc Pat F. MORRIS.**

* * *

SSgt. Paul C. Haynes, MD, *USS Missouri* (BB63), c/o FPO N. Y., N. Y., to hear from SSgt. **Clyde BENEDICT.**

* * *

Former Marine Roy L. Dutton, 719½ W. 75th St., Los Angeles 44, Cal., to hear from **MSgt. Kenneth S. MATSON.**

* * *

Corp. P. B. Moore, H&S Bn., FMF Pacific, c/o FPO San Francisco, Cal., to hear from SSgt. **Leon LAMBERT.**

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Reed, 55 S. Main St., Brookville, Pa., to hear from anyone who was with their son, **Myron H. REED**, when he was wounded July 8, 1953, while serving with "F" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, 1stMarDiv. He succumbed to wounds July 16, 1953, aboard the *USS Repose.*

* * *

E. R. Folds, Gen. Del., Homoja Housing, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from SSgt. **Roy L. HUST** of Magnolia, Ark.

* * *

Former Marine James E. Dolan, c/o B. L. Easterling, Route No. 2, Richton, Miss., to hear from **Pfc James E. DOLEY**, and other boot camp buddies.

* * *

Mr. & Mrs. Shellie Peake, Sr., RFD No. 1, Ridgeway, S. C., to hear from anyone having information concerning their son, **Pfc Shellie PEAKE, Jr.**, reported MIA Dec. 2, 1950. He served with "H" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

TSgt. M. R. Laskowski, "A" Co., Schools Dem. Trps., MCS, Quantico, Va., to hear from **Capt. Leon N. UTTER.**

* * *

Miss Mary Ellen Bancroft, 210 Fremont St., Butler, Pa., to hear from SSgt. **M. L. MC MAUS**, Sgt. **Reginald HEATH**, or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. Oliver Apuakehou, "C" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Samuel Jackson ARMSTRONG** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Walter J. Walsh, 290 Ruggles St., Apt. 15, Roxbury, Mass., to hear from **Theodore M. SHEPPARD**, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

TSgt. Maurice Kimbrell, U. S. Naval Hospital, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from **MSgt. Joseph P. COLLINS.**

* * *

Corp. Robert W. Ardis, "C" Co., 1st Tank Bn., 1stMarDiv. c/o FPO San Francisco, Cal., to hear from **Pfc Clarence STEVENSON,** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. Donald (Willie) Williams, Hdq. Co., MCTC, 29 Palms, Calif., to hear from **Corpsman (Doc) MOSES,** who served with "H" Co., 3d Bn., 5th Marines, 1stMarDiv.

* * *

James C. Honeycutt, 142 Emery St., Toledo 9, Ohio, to hear from anyone who made the landing on Iwo Jima Feb. 20, 1945, with "B" Co., 1st Bn., 28th Marines, or who knew **Pfc Charles V. CASE.**

* * *

Former Marine Clarence L. Galor, Jr., 101 W. Center St., Mt. Morris, Ill., to hear from any buddies he served with in 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1stMarDiv, from Feb., 1952 to Feb., 1953.

* * *

Dallas Coons, Box No. 186, League City, Tex., to hear from former members of Plt. No. 237 who went through boot camp at San Diego in 1941. He also wishes to hear from **John MAYFIELD, John KAISER, Carl R. WILLIAMS,** and all former members of 2d MP Co., Second Marine Division.

* * *

Former Marine Donald (Smiley) Kremer, 831 William St., Cape Girardeau, Mo., to hear from buddies of Plt. 18, 3d Bn., MCRD, San Diego, who began training in Feb., 1951.

* * *

Former Marine Granville W. Gilstrapp, 204 E. 30th St., Austin, Tex., to hear from **Sgts. Lawrence F. TOTARO, Wilbert F. UYSASE** and **Corp. Robert C. AIKINS.** He also wishes to hear from any cooks who served with 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1stMarDiv.

* * *

Pfc Harry R. Sellards, Ord. Sup. Sect., MCSD, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Marine **Gerald R. UNDERWOOD.**

* * *

MSgt. Thomas D. Mackey, Jr., MP Co., 1stMarDiv, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **MSgt. Herman C. BRUTON,** believed to be serving in the Philippines.

* * *

Sgt. C. R. Johnson, c/o Police Dept., Selma, Cal., to hear from **TSgt. D. E. McCARTY.**

Corp. Charles B. Sanchez, Jr., Hedron-12, MAG-12, First Marine Air Wing, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfcs Jesse FERNANDEZ, Vincent RAMOS** and **Florence HENDERSON.**

* * *

Miss Edna L. Alpaugh, General Delivery, Tampa, Fla., to hear from **Pfc George E. ALPAUGH.**

* * *

Mrs. T. D. Hyde, 1505 W. 25, Houston 8, Tex., to hear from anyone who served with her nephew, **Pfc Charles E. MARBURGER.** He was reported MIA Dec. 6, 1950, and is now listed as dead.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Nesmick, 85-20 54th Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y., to hear from **Pfc Y. P. FRANCIS** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine William Wehmeyer, 459 Main St., Oneonta, N. Y., to hear from buddies with whom he served in Korea.

* * *

Pfc John B. Murphy, H&S Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Capt. C. C. FENTON.**

* * *

Former Marine Fred (Moose) Donovin, Box 716, Alfred U., Alfred, N. Y., to hear from buddies with whom he served in Korea.

* * *

Pfc Charles P. Castros, "D" Co., 2d Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc James E. VEST.**

* * *

Mrs. B. D. Hagen, 1721 6th St., Nevada, Iowa, to hear from **Sgt. RUSSELL,** and others who served with her son, **Corp. Russell J. HOUSE,** who was killed on Kimpo Airfield Sept. 18, 1950.

* * *

Cleo H. Morris, 525½ Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill., to hear from Marine **Albert LUKEN** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

SSgt. William P. Jones, Repro-Photo Sec., Hq. Co., Hq. Bn., Third Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Marine **John NICHOLS.**

* * *

Peter R. P. Strelke, 6178 N. 39th, Milwaukee, Wis., to hear from **SSgt. Larry CLARK** and members of Plt. 454, 2d MRTB, MCRD, San Diego, Calif.


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TURN PAGE

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## MAIL CALL (cont.)

Former Marine Larry (Tiny) Jaspon, 30 Squanto Rd., Quincy, Mass., to hear from **TSgt. BOLERO, Corp. Leroy (Gun) PARSONS** and others who served with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines in 1952.

* * *

Mr. & Mrs. C. Terino, 56 Gaynor Ave., E. Syracuse, N. Y., to hear from anyone who was serving with their son, **Pfc Vincent C. TERINO,** "C" Co., 2d Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division, when he was reported KIA Jan. 14, 1953.

* * *

Corp. Edward E. Seidel, Ser. Co., H&S Bn., FMFPac, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **MSgt. BAMFORD.**

* * *

Former Marine Donald G. Phillips, 2320 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 16, Ill., to hear from **Pfc James AROKOKI.**

* * *

Former Marine Harvey (Bernie) Bernstein, 1755 E. 13th St., Brooklyn 29, N. Y., to hear from members of VMR-252, MAG-21, Fourth Marine Air Wing, who served on Guam in 1945, in order to plan a reunion.

* * *

Corp. Leonard J. Edgar, 930 Bay St., Beaufort, S. C., to hear from **Corp. Jerry "T" GILL.**

* * *

Edward H. Guldin, 5619 Boyer St., Philadelphia 38, Pa., to hear from **Maj. James D. JORDAN.**

* * *

Sgt. John D. Walsh, MABS-11 Aerology, MAG-11, First Marine Air Wing, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Corp. Robert J. EDWARDS** and **Louis COCKEL.**

* * *

Corp. George R. Goodson, American Legation, APO #81, c/o Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y., to hear from Marines **M. B. DAVIS, Charles NEAL, LeRoy BARNES** and anyone he served with in the Philippines, Japan or Korea.

* * *

Pfc James R. Lord, H&S Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Marines **Frank DPEDISANO** and **Joe SKINNER.**

**(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)**

"Are you positive this is the one you want, Sergeant?"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

# CORPS QUIZ

1. *The Fourth of July commemorates the adoption of the _____ by the Continental Congress.*
   (a) Constitution
   (b) Declaration of Independence
   (c) Bill of Rights

2. *A man who is warned of an atomic explosion by the bomb flash should:*
   (a) run for a designated shelter.
   (b) take immediate cover.
   (c) get as far away as possible.

3. _____ *was awarded two Congressional Medals of Honor for separate feats of valor.*
   (a) Dan Daly
   (b) John Basilone
   (c) Kenneth Walsh

4. *The new 3.5-inch rocket launcher is sometimes known by its nickname, the:*
   (a) "mighty mite."
   (b) "super bazooka."
   (c) "equalizer."

5. *One of the earliest movies dealing with Marines in action starred Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. It was titled:*
   (a) "What Price Glory."
   (b) "Little Caesar."
   (c) "All Quiet on the Western Front."

6. *A G-1 officer is primarily concerned with:*
   (a) personnel.
   (b) logistics.
   (c) training.

7. *In the Navy, the field of photography is under control of the Bureau of:*
   (a) Aeronautics.
   (b) Ordnance.
   (c) Supplies and Accounts.

8. *Colonel _____ is the present Director of Women Marines.*
   (a) Katherine A. Towle
   (b) Julia E. Hamblet
   (c) Ruth C. Streeter

9. *The U. S. Marines fought side by side with the Russians, Germans and English in the:*
   (a) Spanish American War.
   (b) Boxer Rebellion.
   (c) Boer War.

10. _____ *is the boss of the Chinese "volunteers" in Korea.*
    (a) Ho Chi Minh
    (b) Peng Teh-Huai
    (c) Kim Il Sung

*See answers on page 77.* *Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 Outstanding.*


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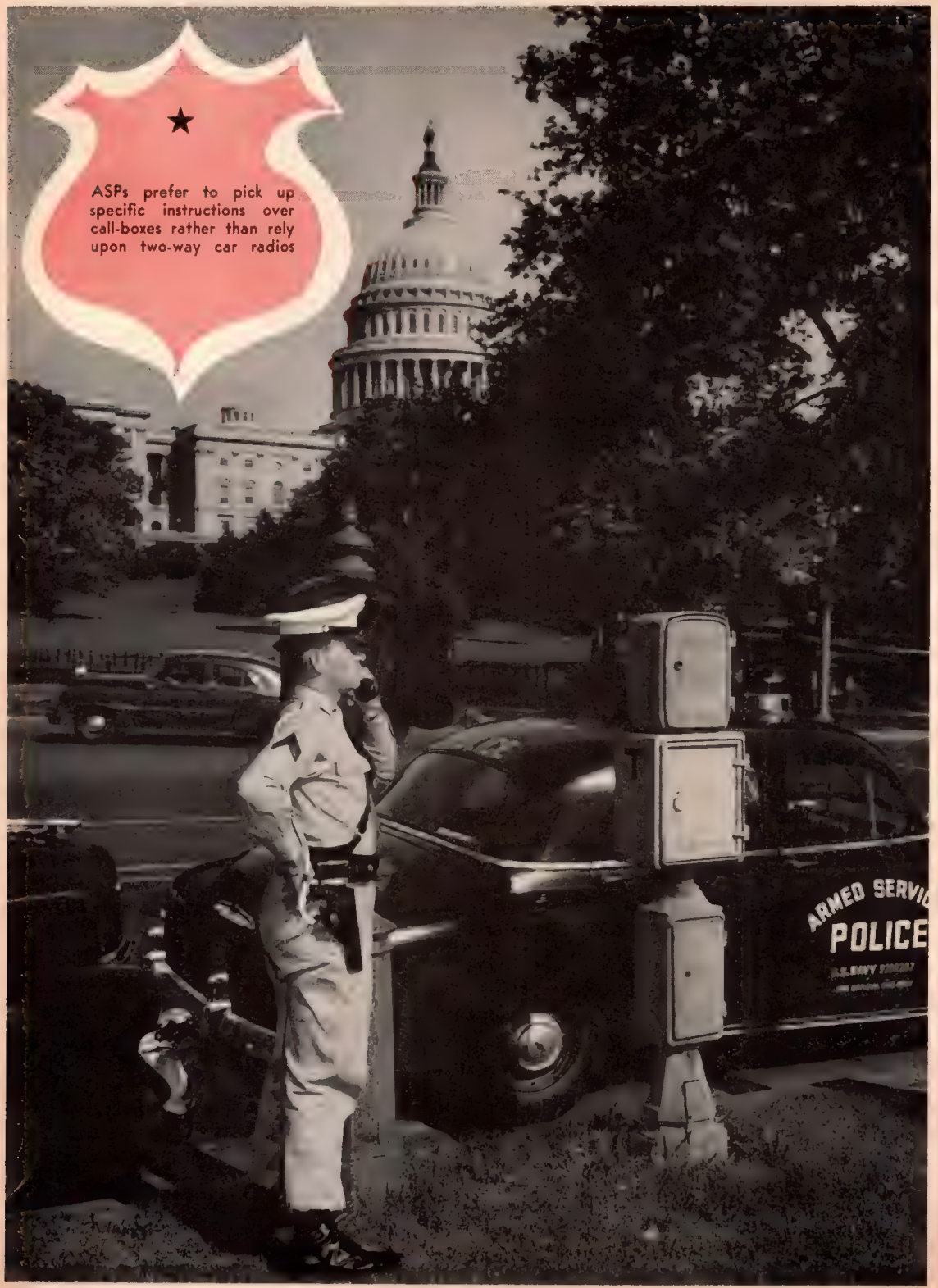

ASPs prefer to pick up specific instructions over call-boxes rather than rely upon two-way car radios
POLICE

LtCmdr. Sanders, Detachment Commander, and CWO Bales, Investigations Chief, return my salute as I report for duty

# CAPITAL BEAT

**Washington, D. C., Armed Service Police have helped pioneer a new military field**

by SSgt. Marvin J. Yeakel
as told to
MSgt. Edward Barnum
Leatherneck Staff Writer
Photos by
MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

All photographs with this article have been posed.

AFTER TEN YEARS in active police work, both civilian and military, I knew what I was getting into when I joined the Armed Services Police detachment in Washington, D. C. The same garbled hours, same monotonous routine, same hard work that a policeman has anywhere in the world.

People think this job's a soft touch —they should pound the pavement or spend weeks on cruiser duty looking for a joker who's been over the hill for several months and has been seen in the vicinity. They'd change their minds about the soft touch ASPs are supposed to have.

When most Marines are in the sack or at the club sipping a brew, chances are, I'll be working. I wear the same Marine uniform, but I carry a black identification holder that explains my job. It reads something like this: This is to identify Staff Sergeant Marvin J. Yeakel, USMC, attached to the Criminal Investigation Unit, Armed Services Police, Washington, D. C. A picture, along with a physical description, tells whoever it may concern that I was born in 1920, am six-feet-one-inch tall and weigh 185 pounds.

In many respects, my outfit is unusual. In fact, you might say we're the "cradle of unification." All branches of the Armed Forces, except the Coast Guard, are represented in the organization. My boss in the Investigation Unit is a Marine; Gunner Harold L. Bales, a chief warrant officer, now on his second 30. In 1945, he received a request from Chesty Puller to serve temporarily as provost marshal at Camp Lejeune. According to Mr. Bales, it was the longest temporary assignment he has ever had. It lasted 11 years. He has been with the military police branch ever since.

Gunner "Pappy" Bales has Navy, Air Force, Army and Marine Corps personnel working under his command. Under the setup, he is Officer in Charge of the Investigation Unit. His position requires him to be on call 24 hours a day. The number one job involved is the report to the Potomac River Naval Command and the Commandant of the Marine Corps of every serious crime committed in the area by service personnel.

In addition to the Criminal Investigation Unit, Gunner Bales also commands the Accident Investigation Unit. This section handles all accidents where military personnel or government vehicles are involved.

Our skipper is Lieutenant Commander Russell L. Sanders, USN. The executive officer is Major Wilfred C. Hinman of the Air Force. Other officers attached to the organization include: Captains John G. Van Beers, Air Force; John R. Billings and William G. Maglin, Army; Lieutenant Jean Fitzgerald and Lieutenant (jg) Ben Moomaw, Naval Reserve.

My running mate in Investigations is Chief Neil C. Loving, USN, an old timer in the Navy, with years of police training. Our job is to investigate every felony or misdemeanor committed by service personnel in the area

TURN PAGE

Before mustering in with the department, I check out my .38 police special and ammunition from the detachment armory

"Just a minute, Yeakel," Gunner Bales called out. "Before you leave I want you to check into this new case. Might have a tie-in with your present assignment."

Prior to receiving my duty assignments for the day, I got the job of holding school on the .38 caliber police special

**CAPITAL BEAT (cont.)**

controlled by the Potomac River Naval Command. Any time service personnel tangle with the civil police or commit a crime we assist the authorities in the investigation and apprehension of the offender.

Prior to joining this unit I served with other units in the detachment to acquaint myself with the procedure and operation of the program. Actually patrolmen form the backbone of the ASP. I had a short hitch with them; I've had better jobs. They are the men you see patrolling the streets on foot or in cruiser cars. We worked out of the headquarters at the Naval Gun Factory on eight-hour shifts — and that means eight hours of patrolling, eating on the run and being continually on the alert for service personnel in trouble.

When I joined the detachment, Commander Sanders explained the purpose of the Armed Services Police. He said, "The mission of an Armed Services Policeman is to *prevent* service personnel from getting into trouble, rather than to apprehend them after they have committed an offense."

After working with the detachment for awhile I realized what those few words meant—A Soldier, Sailor, Marine or Airman who's carrying a heavy load shouldn't be harassed or pulled into the station house; the ASP on duty asks him to get off the streets, into a hotel room or to go back to his barracks and sleep it off. If the man is too far gone, a call to headquarters will bring the detachment transport wagon, and the desk sergeant will check the man into a cell, complete with sack.

Probably the best training I received while on duty with the patrol was at Union Station and the Greyhound Bus Depot. More than 100,000 servicemen and women travel through, go on liberty or just pause between trains in Washington, during a normal week end. Our duty at these transportation centers provided a combined Travelers Aid Society and Lost and Found Department. It covered a variety of jobs; from squaring away a 60-man boot detail enroute to P.I. who had lost their orders and tickets, to plotting an afternoon of sightseeing for a Wave.

After a month of assorted duties to

acquaint myself with the ASP SOP, I went back to my primary job—investigation. If you have ever taken the Criminal Investigation Course through the Marine Corps Institute, you undoubtedly dealt with me; I wrote it and corrected the papers.

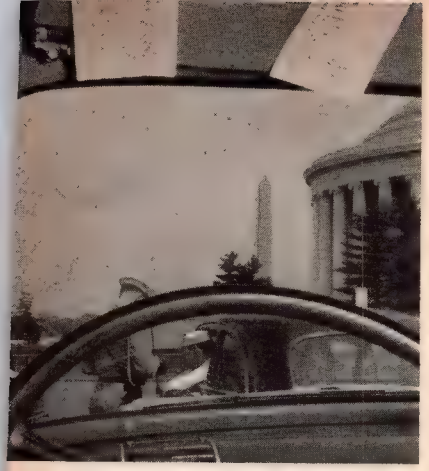
When I joined the CI Unit, I discarded my Armed Services Police gear; the white webbed belt, white leggins, .38 caliber detective special, white lanyard and brassard. I assumed the role of a plainclothes man in Marine uniform. The ground rules of the detachment require criminal investigators to wear all of their equipment or none. If you approach a suspect, and he *is* your man, he isn't likely to wait around if he sees you coming decked out in all that gear. If you're in a regulation uniform, of which there are thousands around Washington, you draw little or no attention.

Our position as Armed Services Police is unmistakable. We're policemen, just that and nothing more; not the courts-martial, the board of inquiry nor the judge. Our job is to apprehend a man if he has committed a crime, not to serve judgment on him nor to sentence him for the crime. That's the job of his own organization. Normally we hold a man less than 24 hours. If the offense is minor and the man appears to be a responsible person, he is released to his own custody to return to his base. If the offense committed is of a serious nature, he is escorted to his base, or a detail is requested to return him to his station.

Probably the most hardened crew in the organization is the Accident Investigation Unit. Whenever a serviceman is involved in an automobile accident in his personal car or a government vehicle, the civil police notify the ASP Headquarters by radio and an AIU team is dispatched to the scene.

While I was attached to that unit I was unlucky enough to witness the gory remains of men who had believed the common sayings that "A 48 is plenty of time to make liberty in D.C. from Lejeune!" or "When I drink it makes me more cautious." Servicemen who couldn't be put together again offered plenty of evidence to disprove either statement — or any other like them!

The most interesting work I've encountered is with my own unit. Everything, from checking on civilian complaints about service personnel to run-



Our jurisdiction extends only to the military and even then positive identification must be made before we accost a man

We checked in with the unit at Greyhound—the ASPs here are constantly on the lookout for men on the "wanted" lists

We found our Union Station roving unit at the information desk. They had seen no one who answered the description of the wanted suspect

ning down leads on bad check passers, becomes our responsibility. Gunner Bales usually receives the calls; if an investigation is necessary, either Chief Loving or I, or both of us are assigned to the case.

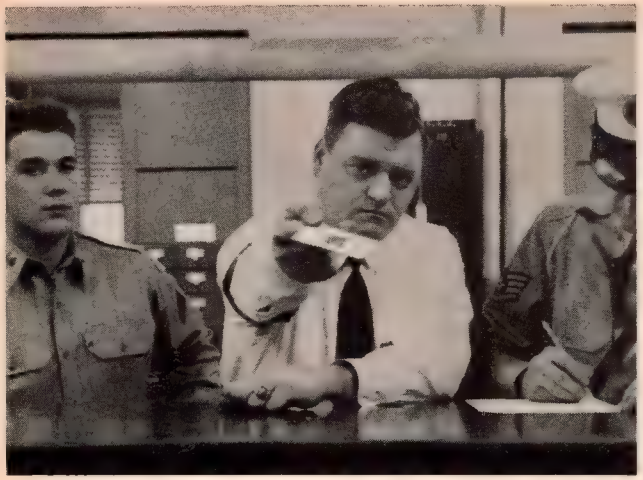
Recently we had a run on bad check passers. Nine times out of 10, the man is over the hill and afraid to turn himself in—he runs out of money and with a uniform and ID card, most merchants willingly cash checks — even when they're out of state.

The Chief and I had returned from Baltimore late one evening; we expected to secure and go home but Gunner Bales had left a note for us at headquarters. We were to investigate a possible suspect who had been "hanging paper" in the area for the past several weeks. A contact at a downtown hotel had called in and reported that a man answering the description had checked in that afternoon.

We signed out the vehicle from the dispatcher and drove downtown. We parked behind the hotel in case the suspect was on the lookout, and entered through the rear door. The room clerk, who had given us the tip, told us the kid was upstairs in his room.

**TURN PAGE**

The man-hunt is slowed down when two young ladies stop Sgt. Walker and myself and ask about the train schedules



We get a call to return to our station. A suspect has been picked up. Chief Keating returns his ID card—wrong man

Corp. Webb and Chief Keating frisk another "suspect" prior to booking and confining him

**CAPITAL BEAT (cont.)**

He had registered with his wife.

I knocked on the door and waited for an answer; the room was quiet. I knocked again and the door opened as far as the chain-latch would permit.

"Armed Services Police," I said. "We'd like to check your identification."

"Just a minute!"

A moment later the door opened and the Chief and I entered. A buck sergeant was slipping into his uniform shirt. A bottle and one glass were on the side board. A young woman sat in the overstuffed chair, holding the other glass.

"Sorry to bother you, son," the Chief said in his quiet voice, "but we have to check your identification. Could I see your ID and liberty cards?"

"Sure," the youthful sergeant said. "What's the scoop? Looking for someone special?"

The Chief scanned the ID card and pass and handed them to me.

"Looks like we found who we're looking for," I said. "Mind getting your tie on and coming along with us?"

"What for? I ain't done nothing," the kid said.

"According to the record you have, son, people frown on checks that come back marked Not Sufficient Funds. Sorry to break up your party but you'll have to come down to headquarters."

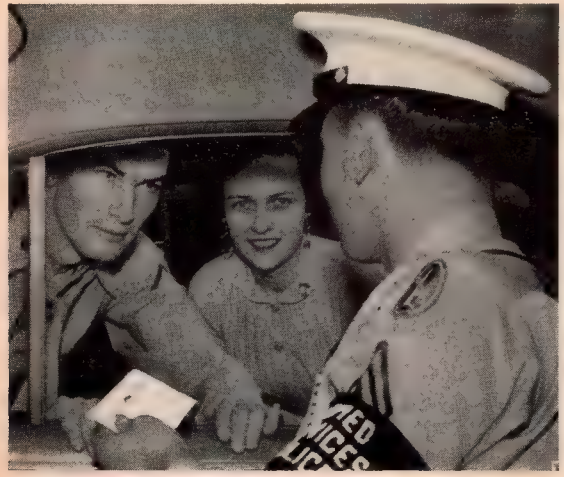
The young woman, who had been taking all this in, jumped up and ran over to the sergeant. "What's the matter honey? Where are they taking you? What have you done?"

"Don't worry, it's all a mistake—they don't know what they're doing. You stay here, I'll check with you in a few minutes."

Back at headquarters we produced copies of the bad checks, compared his name and signature and found that they matched. The evidence was conclusive; he broke down and admitted that he had come to Washington, met the girl and after a two-day courtship, he had married her. He had told her that he was on leave, and when he ran out of money, he started passing the bad checks.

"What'll happen Chief?" he asked.

Chief Loving looked at the kid. "All depends on the civil authorities, son. If the people who accepted your checks



Back on the beat again—we stop a Marine, remind him about his uniform. We start the search again

"W-A-R 200 to Car 16—report to Union Station," the radio said. "Suspect being held by unit there."

Our relief shows up in Benny's, a downtown bistro patronized by servicemen on liberty. ASPs are not allowed to enter civilian pubs unless requested to do so by the management

"They took off right after it started," Miss Eatman, the cashier at Benny's told me. "But they did no damage."

Our traffic problem slacks off after midnight during the week; on week ends the place looks like Manhattan's Times Square

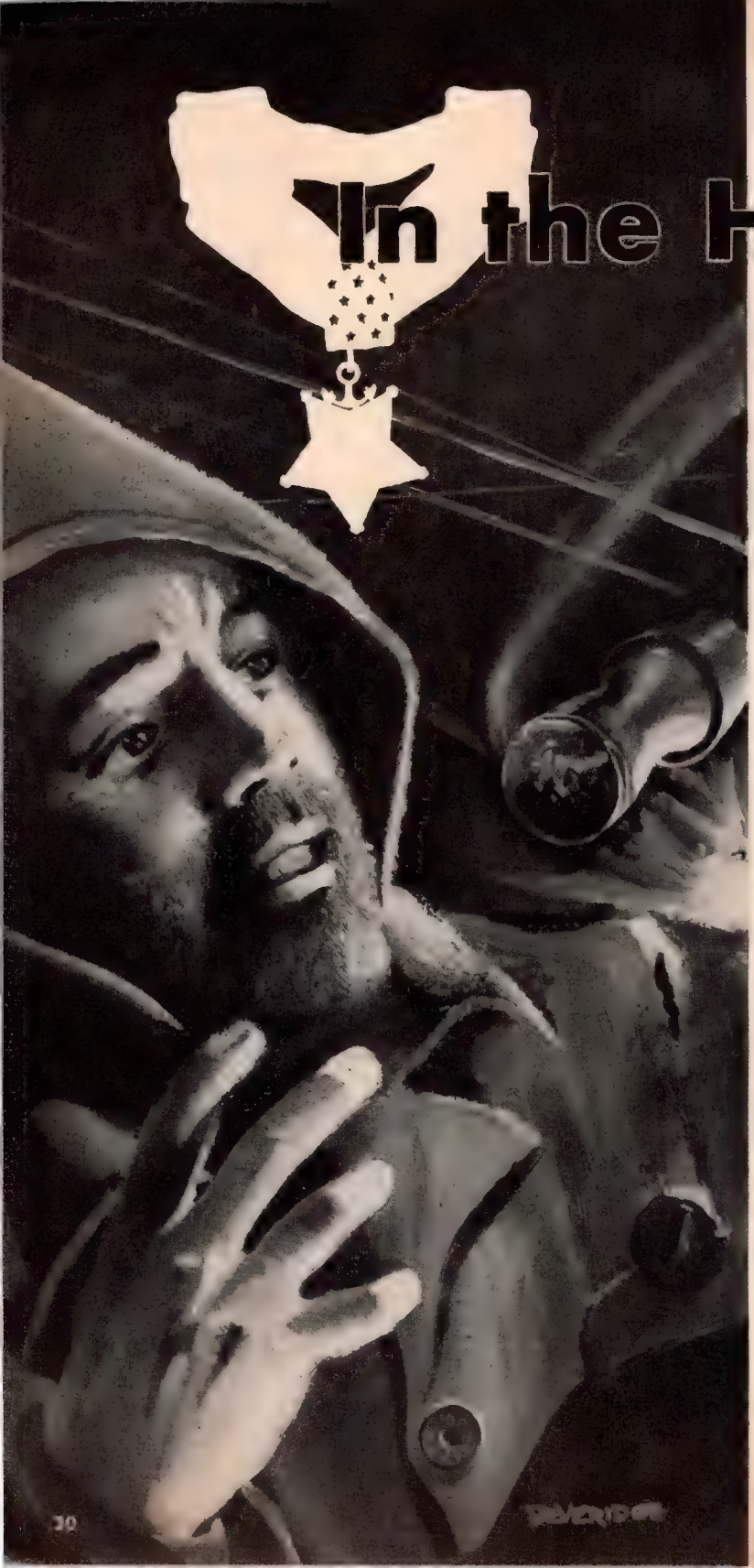
We passed two beat patrolmen, Sgts. Moore and West, in the theater district. They reported everything under control there

press charges and the District Attorney prosecutes, you've had the course; that's as much as I can tell you. Better call your wife and then we'll go downstairs; you'll be held here until your unit picks you up.

The next morning, Chief Loving, Master Sergeant Morgan Thomas from the Apprehension Unit and I were discussing the case. Thomas, who is in the Air Force and heads the apprehension arm of Washington ASP, explained the procedure of picking up a man if he's in civilian clothes.

"According to our regs," the sergeant said, "we can't pick up or accost a man in civvies unless we have positive proof that he's attached to the military. If he gives us a hard time and denies being a serviceman we have to call the civilian police. Normally, the civil authorities can quickly convince a man that he should admit his identity. At any rate, a quick set of fingerprints, hand-carried to the FBI, will establish his identity within two or three hours."

"How's the *(continued on page 78)*



# In the Highest

Photos by TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

"I HAVE A TELEGRAM for you," said the telephone operator in her concise, modulated tones. "It's from the Commandant of the Marine Corps."

At the other end of the line, Archie Van Winkle did some fast thinking. He had been back from Korea and out of Marine uniform for more than six months. He was pretty sure the Marine Corps wasn't going to call him up again, and even if they were, it was a safe bet that The Man wouldn't send him a personal telegram with the tidings. And too, although Everett, Wash., is a small city, it had more than its share of practical jokers.

"Yeah, sure you have a telegram for me from the Commandant of the Marine Corps," Archie told the operator with a grin, "but I'm pretty busy now. I'm the queen of the May."

"No sir," insisted the operator, "I *do* have a telegram for you, and it's good news. Let me read it to you."

As Archie Van Winkle, Staff Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, listened to the words of the telegram, his grin was replaced by a look of astonishment.

"I take pleasure," he heard the operator reading, "in informing you that the President of the United States has approved the award of the Medal of Honor to you. Presentation will be held Wednesday, 6 February, at the White House. Letter follows."

To Archie Van Winkle, who in his 27 years had travelled the road of two wars on land and in the air, had come the highest military award of the Nation. It had been a long winding road, one which he had trudged for the most part in a pair of dusty boondockers with a rifle slung over his shoulder. It had started on the beach at Cape Gloucester, continued through the bitter Peleliu operation, and saw a temporary ending in the skies over Emirau and the Philippines.

# Tradition ...

## ARCHIE VAN WINKLE

by MSgt. Steven Marcus

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Then, in August, 1950, called back to active duty with the 11th Reserve Infantry Battalion of Seattle, Wash., Van Winkle picked up where he had left off on that never-ending road. From the landing at Inchon, he moved through Seoul, the Wonsan landing, and finally, with the Seventh Marines, had begun the trek north to the Chosin Reservoir. The combination of an overwhelming Chinese attack and a series of multiple wounds at Sudong on November 2, 1950, brought what then seemed a final and complete severance between the Marine Corps and Platoon Sergeant Van Winkle.

Released to inactive duty after a long hospitalization, he returned to Everett to pick up the threads of his civilian life. But the telegram from General Shepherd brought an end to all that. Today, First Lieutenant Archie Van Winkle, USMC, once again wears the Marine Corps green, but now as a full-time vocation.

The story of Archie Van Winkle had its beginning in Juneau, Alaska, on March 17, 1925. Oldest of three children, he spent his early childhood in remote Alaskan logging camps, where Van Winkle, Sr. was a logging superintendent. Just about the time he finished grammar school, the family moved to Darrington, Wash., where Archie was enrolled in the local high school. Here he played football, baseball and basketball, but, as he explains it, "You didn't have to be good to make the teams, you just had to be there. There were only 15 students in our class, and if you didn't have three left legs, you had all the makings of a star athlete."

Summers he helped on the family farm, drove logging trucks and worked part-time fighting fires for the Forestry Service. Graduating from high school, he enrolled in the 1941 Fall term at the University of Washington in Seattle, with the prime ambition of making the freshman football team.

"I was just a country boy in the big city," Archie recalls "and I had a lot to learn."

One of the facts he learned—the hard way—was that the freshman team is mainly practice fodder for the varsity, and after several weeks, the 150-pound Van Winkle was pretty badly banged up. A severe leg injury hastened his decision that perhaps freshman football wasn't quite the thing for him, and shortly afterward, a new event captured his complete interest.

The new event happened at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and four days later, Private Archie Van Winkle, USMC, was on his way to boot camp. His first assignment after leaving the portals of the San Diego Recruit Depot was the guard detachment at Jacksonville, Fla., where he fretted for six months until orders arrived sending him to a replacement group at Camp Elliott. After a long transport trek with brief stops at New Caledonia and Guadalcanal, he joined the Seventh Marines in Australia just in time for the Cape Gloucester operation. Here, as a Pfc rifleman, he picked up his first piece of enemy lead—a .25 caliber slug in the leg. Treatment in the regimental medical unit had him operating as good as new in short order, and he rejoined his platoon. Promoted to corporal, Archie became a squadleader, and after a period of re-equipment and training, the Seventh went aboard ship, headed for a new island.

The new stopping place turned out to be Peleliu, but Van Winkle had little opportunity to see the sights or inhabitants. Four hours after hitting the beach, Japanese shrapnel caught him in the leg, and he was evacuated to a hospital ship and then to the States. After a month at the Coronado Naval Hospital, Archie received the shock of his budding Marine Corps career: Orders came transferring him out of the infantry and to El Toro for training as an aerial gunner. In December of the following year, he was once again Pacific-bound, this time with the three stripes of a sergeant on his dungaree jacket.

As a member of VMSB-142, Van Winkle racked up 62 missions, most of them over the Philippines during the invasion, picking up two Air Medals and a Distinguished Flying Cross in the process. Returning to the States at the end of the war, he served a brief stint at the El Centro Gunnery School, and in July, 1945, received his discharge.

Anxious to continue his education, Archie enrolled in the Junior College at Everett, Wash., and, except for Summers spent in Alaskan logging camps, all was serene and quiet for the next two years. He played varsity football for the two seasons, and had none of the weight trouble he had encountered at the University of Washington three years earlier.

"I weighed 190 pounds at Everett," says Van Winkle, "and could charge the opposing line with a little authority."

Back at college for the 1948 Fall term with the position of assistant football coach, a new situation entered the picture. Archie Van Winkle met *the* girl. Pert, dark haired, LaVonne "Bonnie" Stewart was attending the get-acquainted opening day session for new students, at which Archie presided as the amiable master of ceremonies. "I thought he was nice," Bonnie remem-

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Lieut. Archie Van Winkle, Corp. Robert Kelmuk scrutinizing CamPen training table

M-1s in Pendleton's Training Aids section illustrate lectures on rifles. Lieut. Van Winkle is Assistant G-3, Force Troops

**VAN WINKLE (cont.)**

bers, "but I didn't think he noticed me."

But apparently sharp-eyed Archie did notice Bonnie Stewart. A few weeks later when she was appointed to one of the college committees, Archie stopped her on the campus one afternoon, and suggested that they discuss some of the committee business over a coke in a quiet booth. "I don't remember too much business being discussed that afternoon," says Mrs. Van Winkle. "I think he just wanted to get a closer look at me." The "closer look" impressed Archie, and he and Bonnie started dating regularly, and in fairly short order were considered a campus twosome.

In 1949, Van Winkle returned to the University of Washington where he majored in physical education, and, to keep in touch with his Marine Corps buddies, joined the active Marine Reserve. He and Bonnie were married in September, and Archie continued at the university while Bonnie tended the home fires. Their first child, Judy—nicknamed "George" by Archie—was born the following Summer. "We were all set for the future," Van Winkle reminisces. "War was the farthest thought from my mind."

But on August 7 came "the word." The Seattle Reserve Battalion journeyed to Camp Pendleton, where Archie was the first enlisted man assigned to the Seventh Marines—his old World War II outfit. He was company first sergeant, then gunnery sergeant, and after the unit was brought up to strength, became platoon sergeant of the 3rd Platoon, Baker Company. The regiment landed at Inchon, saw action in the fighting for Seoul and made the landing at Wonsan. Then along with other committed units, the Seventh began the march north to the Reservoir. It was here that the action for which Archie Van Winkle was awarded the Medal of Honor took place. The citation for the award is the end result of dozens of eye witness reports and statements, painstakingly assembled to present a clear picture of the major facets of the action.

**"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a platoon sergeant in Company B, First Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in the vicinity of Sudong, Korea, on 2 November, 1950 . . ."**

At about noon on November 2nd, the Seventh Marines had relieved some ROK units south of Sudong, and were preparing positions and digging in for the night. Enemy activity had been observed on the approach march, and Platoon Sergeant Van Winkle took one of his fire teams high on a slope commanding the platoon front to set up a platoon OP. The fire team members were all young and inexperienced, and later in the day, Van Winkle phoned back to the platoon commander with the message that he was staying in the OP for the night.

**"Immediately rallying the men in his area after a fanatical and numerically superior enemy force penetrated the center of the line under cover of darkness and pinned down the platoon with a devastating barrage of deadly automatic weapons and grenade fire, Staff Sergeant Van Winkle boldly spearheaded a determined attack through withering fire against hostile frontal positions and, though he and all the others who charged with him were wounded, succeeded in enabling his platoon to gain the fire superiority and the opportunity to reorganize . . ."**

The platoon had settled down for the night, and the early hours of darkness were quiet and undisturbed. From the platoon OP, Van Winkle describes the beginning of the action. "All hell broke loose at about midnight. Bugles and whistles were blowing—screams and gunfire were coming from everywhere."

Everywhere was right. The Chinese had circled the positions and were attacking from all directions. Archie turned his fire team around, and returned the fire of the Chinese who were between the OP and the platoon positions. The enemy fire was almost a solid blanket of lead. A slug hit one of the fire team's M-1s, smashing it beyond use. Realizing that the hill position was untenable and of no value to the platoon, Archie ordered the fire team back to the platoon while he covered their move. Chunks of a Chinese grenade tore through his arm, but he remained on the hill until dark-

ness had swallowed the men, and enough time had elapsed to enable them to join the remainder of the unit.

Then Van Winkle made his move. Approaching the defense area, he found chaos and confusion in the pitch darkness. Moving rapidly among small groups of his men, he shouted encouragement and changed fields of fire, bringing concerted fire against the larger concentration of the enemy. His shouts of encouragement could be heard above the roar of battle and the staccato boom of gunfire.

**"Realizing that the left-flank squad was isolated from the rest of the unit, he rushed through 40 yards of fierce enemy fire to reunite his troops despite an elbow wound which rendered one of his arms totally useless. Severely wounded a second time when a direct hit in the chest from a hostile hand grenade caused serious and painful wounds, he staunchly refused evacuation and continued to shout orders and words of encouragement to his depleted and battered platoon . . ."**

The isolated squad was in bad shape. Surrounded by the Chinese and reduced by casualties, the presence of Van Winkle was like a shot in the arm. Shouting orders and running from man to man, he succeeded in tightening the squad defense, pausing frequently to add his own rifle fire to the melee. On one of these occasions, kneeling, with the rifle propped up with his wounded arm, an enemy grenade lobbed against his chest, exploding almost on the moment of contact.

"I don't remember much after that," says Archie. "Everything seemed far away."

But other men of the squad remember the remainder of the action. Platoon Sergeant Van Winkle stayed with the squad, directing fire, altering positions, and keeping the pitiful remnants of the unit operating as one man. The attack wavered, and the Chinese began to withdraw.

**"Finally carried from his position, unconscious from shock and loss of blood, Staff Sergeant Van Winkle served to inspire all who observed him to heroic efforts in successfully repulsing the enemy attack . . ."**

In the early hours of the morning, Van Winkle was carried to the battalion aid station. Transfusions and a 40-mile evacuation in a 6X6 brought him to a field hospital and 10 days under an oxygen tent. Additional treatment in Japan and then at the Bremerton Naval Hospital in the States completed the cycle of medical treatment, and in July, 1951, Platoon Sergeant Van Winkle was released to inactive duty.

**"His superb leadership, valiant fighting spirit and unfaltering devotion to duty in the face of heavy odds reflect the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service . . ."**

When President Truman pinned the Medal of Honor around his neck, to Archie Van Winkle the ceremony was a climax to the Korean episode of his life, and to all intent, an end to any permanent connection he might have with the Marine Corps. But other events were beginning to take shape. Long before the Korean war, Archie had filled out an application for a commission in the Marine Corps Reserve, but because of the hustle of his work at the university, his new family and odd jobs, he had not gotten around to take the battery of tests necessary to complete the application. In Washington, he took those tests and on February 7, 1952, became Second Lieutenant Archie Van Winkle, USMCR, and with the commission and new bars tucked away safely in his suitcase, boarded a plane for home.

Back in Everett, the Van Winkle family was busy. Bonnie had not accompanied Archie to Washington for the presentation ceremony because a visit from the stork was expected any day. On February 24, Barrick "Buck" Van Winkle made his appearance on the scene. Meanwhile, before the Medal of Honor announcement, Archie had been running for the office of Commissioner of Public Safety of Everett, and had survived the primary election by a sizeable margin. In the final election he was defeated by 400 votes.

"I guess the people of Everett don't trust a young man," Archie smiles by way of explanation.

He returned to the University of Washington to continue his much-interrupted education.

A Marine Corps announcement that "applications from Reserve officers for integration into the Regulars were invited," brought Archie an application form which he submitted and promptly dismissed from his mind. But in September of that year, a letter arrived informing him that he had been accepted into the Regulars, along with orders sending him to Quantico to attend the Basic School.

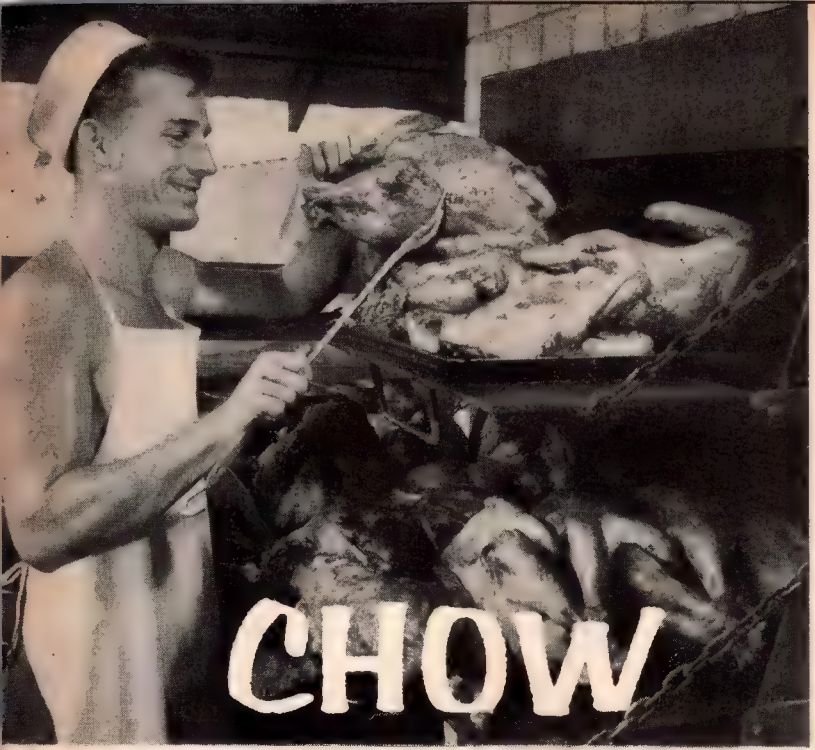
After Quantico, Archie joined the Third Division at Camp Pendleton. When the division was ordered to Japan, he promptly wrote a letter for waiver of Korean veteran status. The letter was returned, disapproved, and he was transferred to Force Troops G-3, where he has remained for the past year. But for First Lieutenant Archie Van Winkle, home is not behind a desk, and he now has a new letter in the mill requesting overseas duty.

It's difficult to ascertain the workings of the mind of Archie Van Winkle, who has been accepted by the Nation as a symbol of America's fighting man. Perhaps this poem—prominently displayed on his desk—offers an insight into his philosophy of life:

**Do you fear the force of the wind,**
**The slash of the rain?**
**Go face them and fight them,**
**Be savage again.**
**Go hungry and cold like the wolf,**
**Go wade like the crane:**
**The palms of your hands will thicken,**
**The skin of your cheek will tan,**
**You'll go ragged and weary and swarthy,**
**BUT YOU'LL WALK LIKE A MAN!**

**END**

The Van Winkles reside at 120 Chosin Circle, near Pendleton. Caught out of step are Barrick, the lieutenant, Judy and Bonnie



# CHOW DOWN

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**Through the years the food served to Marines has greatly improved**

"WHAT'S FOR CHOW tonight?" is a question often asked in every barracks throughout the Marine Corps. Undoubtedly the same question was asked 178 years ago by the Continental Marines. Today, the bill-of-fare reads like the menu of an exclusive restaurant. Those early Marines would have answered the chow query with pointed oaths and mutterings directed at hardtack, plumduff and other uninspiring foodstuffs which have long vanished from the tables of the Marines.

The food served to the Marines today is a far cry from the cuisine offered in the "old Corps." Down through the Corps' years the chow served on tables and the rations in the field have improved greatly. And, contrary to the mutterings heard when the cook scorches the eggs in the early morning, the methods of food preparation have also improved.

The earliest mention of food for the American Marine is found in the Act of Congress of March 27, 1794—an act which included the first Navy ration. This act provided for the outfitting of vessels of war to subdue the Barbary pirates. It guaranteed the Marine and sailor a determined amount of food by fixing the quantity and kind of food to be issued to each man each day of the week. This act, because of the limited number of articles authorized, became, in effect, the menu for the day.

The rations (food for one man for one day) were set down as:

Sunday—One pound of bread, 1½ pounds of beef and one-half pint of rice.

Monday—One pound of bread, one pound of pork, one-half pint of peas or beans and four ounces of cheese.

Tuesday—One pound of bread, 1½ pounds of beef, one pound of potatoes or turnips and pudding.

Wednesday—One pound of bread, two ounces of butter or six ounces of molasses, four ounces of cheese and one-half pint of rice.

Thursday—One pound of bread, one pound of pork and a pint of peas or beans.

Friday—One pound of bread, one pound of salt fish, two ounces of butter or one gill of oil and one pound of potatoes.

Saturday—One pound of bread, one pound of pork, one-half pint of peas or beans and four ounces of cheese.

Tacked on to the end of this ration was the stomach-warming phrase: ". . . and there shall also be allowed one-half pint of distilled spirits per day or in lieu thereof, one quart of beer per day to each ration."

If these early rations appear to be heavy on starches, it must be realized that the early Marines were hardy souls, without thoughts of diet or the nutritional value of foods. Their great concern was getting a full stomach.

Since there was no refrigeration aboard ships in those days, all the meat on the ration had to be of the salted variety; fresh meat was available to the Marines and sailors aboard only when the ships made port. Old records tell of the distaste most of the crews had for this salted meat. In many cases the meat was so saturated with salt that the cook dragged it over the side in an attempt to get a little of the salt washed off prior to cooking. It was a common joke in those days that this salt-meat was so potent that even the sharks wouldn't touch it.

The bread allowed on the ration was not bread as we know it today. Instead, it fell under the guise of hardtack. Much of the time it was infested with weevils and other bugs, but the ingenious cooks of those early days found that by rebaking it until it was crisp, it could be eaten by the hungry men without too much detestation.

In those days of wooden vessels where the rats often outnumbered the crew, the cook, along with his other daily chores, thought nothing of chasing hungry rodents out of the cheese.

And the cook. Usually he was truly an unforgettable character. In those days, as now, he was an important king-pin. Those old-time cooks were rancorous individuals who were generally inexperienced in the preparation of food—at least, in the proper preparation of that food. There was no common recipe book and the cuisine differed on each ship. Each cook had his own favorite way of preparing the food and those who had recipes, of sorts, kept them in their heads—not to be divulged to anyone.

The cook's primary duties were confined to the galley, but custom demanded that he polish the ship's bell and the copper bands around the harness cask each day, rain or shine. These harness casks afforded temporary storage for the salt beef and salt pork. They were large wooden casks divided through the center by a wooden partition. On the starboard side of the cask was painted a big "B" for beef while the port side of each cask carried pork and was marked with a large "P". These casks, serving as the daily source of meat, were replenished as needed from barrels stowed in the hold.

History tells us that the cooks in those olden days were a proud and pugnacious lot who ruled their section of the ship with an iron skillet. No one, including the ship's officers, infringed upon their section. Occasionally, if fresh water was available, the ship's cook was required to boil water for washing the clothes of the ship's company.

In the matter of cooking he acted only in a supervisory capacity. The actual preparation of the foods was the duty of the several mess cooks—the men who actually served the food to the individual messes.

Under the berth deck system of messing used in those days there were several messes aboard each ship, each with a mess cook in charge. Every mess had its own food locker with its provisions which were not too well protected from cockroaches and other vermin. Because of the lack of water, dishes and other mess gear were seldom clean. Each mess was the responsibility of the individual mess cook who, in turn, was responsible to the ship's cook.

Perhaps some of the favorite dishes served aboard ships in those days—at least as far as the cooks were concerned—were plumduff, lobscouse and daddyfunk. Plumduff was a carry-over from the old English Navy and was a mixture of flour, molasses and raisins boiled in a bag until the whole thing was a rubbery mass. The seagoing supposition that if "rough" can be pronounced "ruff", and "tough", "tuff", may have accounted for the pronunciation "duff" for the word "dough."

A hashy combination of meat, vegetables and hardtack was called lobscouse by the old salts. Daddyfunk, another messy concoction of hardtack soaked in water, baked in grease and served with molasses, would cause the average land-lubber to head for the rail.

It should be realized that during those early days the administration of the various messes aboard ship was a lax set-up. They had no central purchasing officer as we have today, and the practice of commuting a whole or part of the ration had developed. This commutation was in the form of cash payments to the individual mess cooks who were at one and the same time a caterer, cook and waiter for the 10 or 20 people in their particular mess.

This commutation of rations gave the mess cooks the means to augment their restricted ration by purchasing extras ashore. In theory the system was excellent. In practice, however, it was not entirely successful. Many of the mess cooks went ashore with the ration money in their pocket and good intentions, only to lose both to liberty temptations. Many of them, after a weakness of this type, either too ashamed to face their buddies or too afraid to face their officers, foolishly went over the hill. The unfortunate crew who had gambled on the trustworthiness of their missing cook had to survive on plain food, whether the cruise was short or long.

The grog ration in effect at that time seemed to be a most popular item, except to a few of the officers and men, and had been held over from the traditions of the English Navy. The disfavor with which it was held by certain officers is borne out by a letter of May 9, 1801 from Captain Thomas Truxton to the Secretary of the Navy. A portion of that letter said:

> ". . . the allowance of one-half pint of rum per day is too much for seamen, it requires great attention to prevent them being continually in a state of intoxication . . . for they will in addition

**TURN PAGE**

to their allowance find landsmen and boys who will privately barter their rum to them for butter, cheese, etc. . . . I am of the opinion that on account of health and other considerations it would be better to have allowed the seamen but one gill of rum per day in lieu of the other gill, molasses and tea, coffee and sugar . . ."

Each year seemed to increase the furor over the rum ration, but in 1861 legislation was proposed to abolish grog aboard the ships of the United States Navy. The final act of this legislation appeared on July 14 of the following year and read in part:

". . . distilled spirits shall be admitted on board vessels of war only upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels, and to be used for medical purposes . . ."

All was not lost, however. To compensate for the loss of the grog ration the pay of each man was increased five cents per day, a substantial sum in those days. Even so, there was some doubt in the minds of those old-timers whether the pay increase offset the rum ration. So much importance was attached to the passing of grog that Paymaster Casper Schenck wrote the following ditty:

"Jack's happy days will soon be past
To return again, no, never!
For they've raised his pay five cents a day
And stopped his grog forever."

It is believed that along about this time coffee became the most popular drink aboard ship perhaps to recompense for the loss of the grog ration. There was a movement which lasted for many years to make tea the popular item of the ration. In 1818 it was even added to the ration; a weekly portion of four ounces was considered sufficient. For many years after the grog ration was discontinued, tea was exploited as *the* drink aboard ship but coffee was preferred and it still continues as the favorite.

When the Marines were having it out in Nicaragua, nobody worried about vitamins or balanced diets. Now, calories are counted like ammo

We are told that in the early days of the Marines aboard ship, the men ate from "large platforms placed on casks or suspended from the deck above," and when eating they sat on benches. This convenience didn't endure and the "mess-cloth" became the recognized table. For more than half a century this large piece of painted canvas—a tarpaulin—was spread upon the deck for each mess.

During these early years the Marines, as long as they were aboard ship, subsisted on the same food served to the Navy. When they were stationed ashore their menus were influenced by the Army ration. The first quarter of the 19th Century brought the first big hassle over the Marines. The Army believed that while the Marines were stationed on shore bases, they should fall under Army control. The Navy maintained that the Corps belonged to them. There were some officers and men in the Corps who agreed with the Army's point of view although the majority of the Marines favored the Navy's viewpoint. An act of legislature, passed in 1834, settled the question and the Marines' position was clarified. That act said, in part, that the Marines were a part of the Navy, except in cases when they would be detached by the *President* for duty *with* the Army for service.

Thus the rations of the Navy applied to the Corps as long as they were not actually on detached duty to the Army. The Army ration didn't vary too much, with the possible big exception that fresh meat was more prevalent, only because it was more easily accessible on land. The game foragers could add to the meager fare with a keen eye and a loaded musket.

The situation continued along this line until the Spanish-American War when the Corps started organizing its separate battalions and regiments. Of necessity, the Marines were still using a combination of the Navy ration augmented with whatever fresh commodities they could obtain. The Marine Corps was then—as it is now—under the Navy ration laws although, at times, their menu differed totally from straight Navy chow.

Up to this time no adequate field ration had been provided for the troops. They had been forced to subsist on their meager chow, plus what little they could eke out from the country itself, neither of which was sufficient for troops fighting in the field. This was the situation until the Spanish-American War when "the emergency ration" made its appearance. This had been developed a few years earlier, in 1896, and consisted of bacon, hard bread, pea meal and roasted coffee. Certainly these were unpalatable in their cold state and no provisions were made for cooking them in the field. Instead, the individual had to obtain his own means of preparing the chow if he was going to eat it. Nevertheless, it was a step in the direction of an adequate field ration.

Aboard ship things were improving too. Probably one of the greatest innovations to hit the Navy, with the

possible exception of freezing units to keep fresh food eatable over a long period of time, was the introduction of fresh-water distillers which came into use shortly after the adaptation of steam. Up to that time the supply of fresh water for drinking and cooking had been taken aboard in casks, and its preservation looked after with the greatest solicitude, for upon its maintenance in a state of purity depended the very existence of every man on board. Under these circumstances it can be readily understood that the expenditure of water was looked after so carefully that the captain was required to note in the log the number of gallons expended each day and the number of gallons remaining on hand.

In the early days all rations had lacked flexibility, but in 1907 Congress amended the ration law to provide the so-called "over and under issue" clause. This law provided ". . . that any article composing the Navy ration may be issued in excess of the authorized quantity provided there be an under issue of the same value in some other article or articles . . ."

Just prior to this, in 1902, the first Navy Cook Book was published. The cooks, all salty characters, expressed indignation when this recipe book was introduced. Their culinary rights had been invaded and for a few years, they continued to grumble and complain that recipes were "women's stuff." The old salts insisted that, "What was good enough for sailors 20 years ago is good enough for them today." Still, the cook book persisted. Modifications were made to this Navy Cook Book throughout the years but eventually it became the bible of Marine mess cooks. The Corps varied only once, during World War II, when the 658-page Army Cook Book was set down as SOP for Marine Corps cooks. Its use was discontinued by the Corps soon after and another Navy Cook Book replaced it. In 1952, the Corps received its own recipe book consisting of 593 pages and 747 recipes. This book is now used throughout the Corps; '52 marked the first year that the Marine Corps was officially fed by its own book.

World War I produced three types of field rations; the reserve ration, the trench ration and the Armour or "iron ration." The reserve ration and the trench ration were similar, except that the latter was designed to eliminate the danger of gas contamination. This trench ration combined 25 rations in a single, large metal container. Solidified alcohol was included to heat the foods. Although this new ration provided great variety, its bulk and weight made it difficult to handle. Both the reserve and trench rations used canned products, a great boon to preservation, but the contents were not packed for individual meals.

The Armour ration, also developed in World War I, included three 3-ounce cakes which consisted of a mixture of evaporated beef powder and cooked wheat kiln—dried and parched. This unusual combination was compressed into a homogeneous mass which owed its inspiration to the Mexican and Indian raiders of the Southwest who were accustomed to subsisting on jerked beef and pinole while on forays. The Armour ration was the result of an effort to develop a similar, sustaining, highly concentrated food. It was truly designed as an emergency ration, and from the testimony of some of the courageous souls who tasted this ration, the emergency which would force a man to eat the mixture would have been dire indeed. This ration was used only in the latter part of World War I with some 2,000,000 rations being shipped to France between June, 1918, and the armistice. In 1922, this ration was discontinued and the reserve ration established as the standard package.

From the end of World War I until 1934, little, if anything, was done to provide a combat ration—as such. The Army Quartermaster Department did begin a study shortly after the war to improve the standard reserve ration, but it ended in the study stage. No attempt was made to balance the ration or to make it nutritionally complete. The minds of all the planners in those days were dominated by the type of warfare they had just completed—a static, stabilized type. They believed that a man wouldn't have to subsist on the reserve ration for more than a day or two at a time, before the regular food supply would again be accessible.

Still, the blame can't be laid wholly at the door of the military planners. The war had been "won" and, as usual, after the successful termination of any conflict in which this country has engaged, the nation was swept with an intense wave of pacifism and a desire for reduction of expenditures. Military men were regarded with suspicion and distrust. Adequate appropriations for the development of the vital tools of war were lacking and the United States went quietly to sleep. History has shown us this same pattern of lethargic thinking, over and over again.

In 1934, however, the Army Quartermaster Corps managed to have the munificient sum of $7500 earmarked for the development of a balanced combat ration to replace the now obsolete Armour and reserve rations of World War 1. The Quartermaster Corps was charged with the research of field rations for all of the Armed Services, a responsibility it still maintains. Duplication of effort is thus eliminated. The Marine Corps maintains a close liaison with the Army Department and has, in the past, asked for and received special research into a ration suited for some special type of job the Marine Corps has been called upon to perform.

The Army, after three years of intensive research and development, came up with the Type "D" ration so familiar during the early part of World War II. This ration was produced in 1937 and officially adopted in 1938. The chief ingredients of the "D" ration were chocolate, sugar, milk powder, cocoa fat, oat flour and vanillin fortified with vitamin B-1. Each bar weighed four ounces and three such bars made up one ration (food for one man for one day). The "D" ration was a highly

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concentrated ration, containing 80 calories per unit. It was intended to sustain a man for only a short period of time and was essentially a "survival" ration. In an emergency it would have served its purpose but the men gave it poor acceptability.

With the standardization of the "D" ration, the Army in 1938, turned its attention to devising a balanced combat ration. Their goal was to produce an individual ration which would provide three complete meals a day and could be eaten either hot or cold. The original plans called for this ration to be packaged in flat rectangular tins to permit easy packing and carrying. Those plans were changed and the ordinary round tin can was utilized when it was found that the flat rectangular tins were no longer being commercially produced in quantity.

Many difficulties were encountered in the attempt to provide the fighting men of this nation with an adequate combat ration. One of these difficulties was the lack of any sizeable appropriations with which this important research could be carried on. In the Fall of 1938, however, the whole sum of $300 was given the Subsistence Research Laboratory of the Army Quartermaster Development for the development of the combat ration.

On November 1, 1939, the "C" ration was adopted as a standard combat ration. One of these rations consisted of three cans of meat component (beef stew, pork and beans, vegetable hash) and three cans of bread component (biscuits, coffee, sugar and candy). Again it was believed that the troops would have to subsist on this ration for only a few days at a time. These rations were available for maneuvers in 1940, and various minor changes were made as a result of the criticisms received. When, for instance, experience proved that a "longer period" ration was needed, the scope of the "C" ration was enlarged to include a variety of items.

In its last version it provided a choice of six menus—ham, eggs and potatoes; meat and beans; chicken and vegetables; pork and rice; meat and spaghetti; and meat and vegetable stew. The "B," or bread components, eventually consisted of a variety of biscuits, a beverage powder, compressed cereals, chocolate-coated peanuts or candy, cookies and jam. As an accessory, each ration also had a water-tight packet tucked between the cans containing cigarettes, matches, candy-coated chewing gum, water purification tablets, salt tablets, a small can opener; and toilet tissue.

At the outbreak of War II in Europe in 1939, we had chow divided into five classes; Type "A," garrison chow composed mainly of fresh meat, fresh fruits and vegetables, and other perishables; Type "B," a modification of "A" consisting of canned, preserved and dehydrated foods, none of which required refrigeration and were particularly suited to relatively secure areas; Type "C," already discussed; Type "D" also previously discussed; and finally, Type "K."

This "K-ration" was packed in three rectangular waterproofed boxes, each of which was designed to hold enough food for a single meal. The ration's two and three-quarter pounds of weight contained 2880 calories. The main items in each meal were meat, meat and eggs, or cheese. Envelopes of soluble coffee, boullion, lemonade, fruit bars, malted milk tablets, a chocolate bar, crackers, gum, cigarettes and toilet tissue completed the ration. The entire ration was primarily intended for front-line use not to exceed three days. When Marines found themselves in the second and third month of a "K" ration diet, their complaints became as voluble as their shooting.

"K" ration meat was found to be monotonous, fatty and sometimes unpalatable. The cheese was thirst-provoking and in some cases it had a laxative effect. To many, its plasticity was disconcerting. To be tasty, the coffee and boullion needed hot water, while the lemonade was passable only when used with cold water. For obvious reasons the Marine in battle could seldom prepare his liquids with the necessary hot or cold additives.

The fruit bar and malted milk tablets met with limited approval, a fact easily verified by questioning any World War II Marine. The crackers were too hard. There was never enough gum (one stick) or cigarettes (three). The toilet tissue fell far short of the minimum requirements. The chocolate bar was about the only item which met with general approval, and even this with reservations. It too became a very capable laxative if devoured in less than the half-hour prescribed for eating.

Marines fighting in Korea had an improved field ration. Even the old timers admitted that it was better than WWII rations

Perhaps the basic criticism of the "K" ration found its origin in the fact that it was too difficult to heat with the type of fires available. Its weight was found to be far out of proportion to the energy-giving food which it should have contained.

But, for the most part, most Marines liked the "A," "B" and "C" rations, tolerated the "D" ration and cursed the "K' ration from hell to breakfast. In the long run, however, Marines came to realize that eating the "K" ration was better than not eating at all, a situation which can happen in battle when the supply lines break down.

When the First Marine Division (Reinforced) launched the Guadalcanal campaign on August 7, 1942, Operation Order 6-42 called for "10 days C ration; 10 days D ration; 60 days B ration."

The tenuous supply lines which were often stretched to the breaking point, forced the Marines on Guadalcanal in the early days of that operation on short rations. Many a veteran of that battle will tell you how he supplemented his diet from captured Japanese supply dumps. Instead of living on "C" rations for comparatively short periods,

as was originally envisaged when this ration was developed, the "C" ration became the invariable fare for days on end. Comments from the field were too divergent to form a basis for any definite conclusion on the efficiency of the "C" rations under combat conditions. Some of the people on the 'Canal would tell you that it was detested by the men after subsisting on it for four or five days; others told how well the ration was filling the need. Despite all the criticism, and conflicting reports, there was no diminution of research to improve any of the rations.

The years 1942-1943, saw the development and abandonment of the jungle (J) ration, the mountain ration and the old 5-in-1 ration. In spite of all the research into the field rations, we still did not have a handy, digestible pemmican (meat mixture) type ration. The "K" ration had originally been developed for this reason but it had failed.

German successes in the early days of World War II had opened eyes that were long devoted to the stabilized fronts of World War I. We knew we needed rations for assault troops. They couldn't be too bulky nor too heavy. The so-called blitzkrieg tactics employed by Germany and the Japanese forces proved this.

The idea of packaging some of the components of the "B" ration had been suggested as early as 1941, to meet this problem, but the project lay dormant until early in 1943. In that year this project received impetus from two sources—first, the success of the British compo ration (14-in-1) during the 1942 North African campaign, and secondly, a true search for simplification of all the existing types of rations. This research culminated in the brand new 10-in-1 ration adopted in June, 1943, which incorporated the best features of the old 5-in-1.

The 10-in-1 ration contained food for 10 men for one day. It came in a carton weighing 45 pounds and offered a considerable variety of food suitable to even the most discriminating of palates. Needless to say, it was enthusiastically received by the troops in the field. Nevertheless, this ration did have its drawbacks. It was intended for issue to small groups who would prepare their meals together. The cans of vegetables, for example, were of the commercial size rather than the individual can size. Under usual conditions and usual appetites there was just a little too much for one man to eat. Primarily it was intended for troops who were not actively engaged with the enemy and as a supplement to the standard "C" or "K" field rations.

Still, in light of all the comments, suggestions and criticisms received from the various theatres of operations where American troops were engaged, research continued on better field rations. Technical developments in canning processes, as well as continued research of the reaction of canned and dehydrated foods when subjected to extremes of temperatures, were instrumental in producing superior field rations.

In 1944, a new "C" ration made its appearance. Whereas the original ration had but three meat components and one bread component, the new version had 10 different meat components (including such delicacies as chicken and rice, hamburgers, etc.) six different bread components and an accessory pack containing cigarettes, matches, toilet tissue, gum and water purification tablets. This new "C" ration enjoyed instantaneous success, we are told. There were many Marines who even considered it better than barracks chow served in some of the rear areas. Marines taking part in the assault on Saipan in June, 1944, took with them an experimental prototype of a new assault lunch which was in the process of development. It consisted of hard candy, chocolate, matches and cigarettes in a cellophane bag and was designed simply as a stop-gap until more substantial chow could be obtained.

With the close of World War II, the nation by-and-large went back to the lethargic thinking which has become traditional after winning a war. This time, however, research in food did not become complacent. Minor improvements were being made in field rations based on lessons learned during the war.

Men of the First Marine Division in Korea were among the first American troops to take with them into actual combat a new type of individual food packet which had been developed in the post World War II years. Its official designation was "Food Packet, Individual, Assault" and it consisted of one can of meat-ration, one canned B-unit and an accessory pack. This same food packet is still one of our mainstays in field rations.

It is designed to provide food to the individual engaged in an assault. This lightweight (only a pound and a half) packet can be easily carried, and is to be used in the early stages of an amphibious assault, patrol action, or outpost duty or any other phase of battle which doesn't exceed 24 to 30 hours. Some of the meat items are: canned beef and corn; pork and applesauce; beef and pork loaf; canned ham and eggs; hamburgers; canned chicken; pork sausage patties; and canned cheese with bacon. The B-unit can carries two round crackers and an oatmeal cookie while the accessory packet contains cigarettes and matches; toilet paper; sugar; water purification tablets; plastic spoon; chocolate or starch jelly bar; chewing gum; soluble coffee; and a can opener. Two fuel tablets are also included; each will burn 12 minutes. The items, however, are palatable if eaten cold.

Three other types of field rations now in use are of equal importance. They are the new 5-in-1; the individual combat ration; and an in-flight individual food packet. The latter of these rations is simply a small pound and three-quarters concentrated parcel to be used by the crews of bombers and transport planes whose flights extend over one or more meals. Each of these food packets consists of one can of meat; a can of fruit; a bread-type unit; a dessert unit; and an accessory packet containing a paper towel; a paper napkin; and a plastic spoon. All of these components are packaged in a telescoping carton which may be used as a tray, and later, as a receptacle for waste.

The individual combat ration is designed to handle the subsistence needs of Marines when kitchens cannot be utilized or are of limited usefulness. It is not designed for continuous use for periods of more than three weeks. The contents can be eaten cold, although heating tablets may be used. This ration is contained in a carton composed of three cans of meat-type items; three cans of bread-type units consisting of a confection item; beverage; jam and crackers; cookies and a fruit unit. The accessory packet accompanying this ration contains a package of cigarettes; a folder of humidity-resistant matches; soluble coffee; chewing gum; toilet tissue; can opener; plastic spoons; water purification tablets; and sugar.

The 5-in-1 is an outgrowth of the old 10-in-1 which was adopted back in 1943 and includes many of the best

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features of that old ration. It is designed primarily for small detachments of men in the field and contains enough food for five men for one day. The planners of this ration designed it specifically for an available ration which could be utilized in an advance beyond the immediate range of the field kitchens and prior to commitments to battle. Gun crews, tank crews, wire crews and other small groups have used this ration extensively. To avoid monotony, five different menus are provided. This field ration, weighing only five and a half pounds, is outstanding in versatility and perhaps, the one most enthusiastically received by troops in the field.

An experimental assault ration is now under study by the Army Quartermaster Corps. The new project is centered on a meal type 25-in-1 ration, suited for groups of 25 men. It will contain food for 25 men for one meal. Experimental prototypes of this ration are expected to reach the field some time later this year for exhaustive tests before the ration is adopted.

Out of World War II came the Central Purchasing Agency under which we now operate. The tremendous job of food supply during World War II, involving four services and 18 million men and women, and the fact that the importation of various staples had been cut off by the U-boat warfare in the Atlantic gave impetus to the plan for the agency. The problems which confronted quartermasters belittled the tasks of Hercules.

Former Leatherneck staff artist Fred Lasswell graphically told the Marine chow story as it appeared to him during World War II. Chow hounds still growl about rations; they always will

CHOW on the LOADED TABLE
( NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH BOOT CAMP CAFETERIA STYLE )
"A" MESS
PARDON ME — WILL YOU PASS THE BEANS, PLEASE ?
PLEEZE PASSA BEANS !!
IN A COUPLA WEEKS G.I. MAC HAS SHRUNK U AS A RESULT OF HIS PARLOR PINK TACTICS
G.I. MAC, FRESH OUT OF BOOT CAMP, CRUISES IN FOR HIS FIRST CHOW AT THE LOADED TABLE
HE DISPLAYS HIS BEST EMILY POST MANNERS TO IMPRESS THE BOYS
ALL HE GETS IS A BEAT-UP CARROT AND SOME GRAVY DRIPPIN'S THAT FELL DURING THE RAID
CHMM SSD
BASIC CHOW HALL MANUAL
LOADED TABLE ATTACK
THIS OUGHTTA GIVE ME THE "WORD"
ART OF SHORT STOPPING
ROLLS DOWN
AT THE CALL, YOU LOOK AND FIND YOU ONLY HAVE THREE YOURSELF
SURVEY
SPEND YOUR NEXT 30-DAY FURLOUGH AT THE OPERA
SO YOU CAN MASTER THAT SCREAMING FORTISSIMO AT CHOW
BEE-HEE HEENS DOWN
DEFTLY WITH THE RIGHT HAND YOU SCUTTLE THE PLATTER
STRATEGIC TABLE POSITION
BEING ABLE TO GET FIRST ON "SECONDS" COMPENSATES EXPERIENCED SURVEY MEN FOR SITTING ON THE HOT SEATS
THIS STIMULATES THE FLOW OF VITAL DIGESTIVE JUICES AND A JOLLY EXCHANGE OF PLEASANTRIES
DOWN TH' SEA GULL — TH' SIDE ARMS — TH' GRASS — TH' RED LEAD — TH' SEA DUST — TH' —
CHOW LINGO
ARMORED HEIFER — CANNED MILK
BEAN BAG — MEAL PENNANT
BELLY ROBBER — COOK OR BAKER
CACKLEBERRIES — EGGS
COLLISION MATS — PANCAKES
DOWN — TO PASS
FISH EYES — TAPIOCA
GOLD FISH — CANNED SALMON
SIDE ARMS — CREAM AND SUGAR
SINKERS — DOUGHNUTS
SLUM — STEW
TARGET PASTE — CREAMED CHIP BEEF
GRASS OR RABBIT FOOD — SALAD
JAMOKE, JOE OR MUD — COFFEE
POPEYE — SPINACH
PUNK — BREAD
RED LEAD — CATSUP
SEA DUST — SALT
SEA GOING TURKEY — FISH
SEAGULL — CHICKEN
ALSO KNOWN AS
CENSORED
P.S. IN A FEW ISOLATED CASES MEN HAVE BEEN HEARD TO EMBELLISH THE ABOVE WITH QUAINT DESCRIPTIVE ADJECTIVES
HOW MANY ARMS YA THINK I GOT ?
OH, BOY !! COLD CUTS

Initially, the Marine Corps carried out its own marketing system, a wholly unsatisfactory arrangement because the purchase of items for itself put the Corps in direct competition with all the other services. Each service vied with the other for commodities, and this procedure tended to raise the prices on those items. This individual purchasing was later abandoned in favor of a joint purchasing organization entitled, The Army Quartermaster Market Center System. This organization consolidated Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Air Force subsistence procurement under one head. The Army Quartermaster General assumed the momentous job of food procurement.

The heart of this huge enterprise is centrally located in Chicago, Ill., with some 36 market centers stretching out from there all over the United States, thus making food available to even the smallest of camps. Non-perishable canned foods are shipped to each of the Corps' big depots for food—Camp Pendleton, on the West Coast and Camp Lejeune on the Eastern seaboard —for further distribution throughout the Corps. Perishable foods are obtained on a requisition basis from the nearest directed market center to the Marine Corps post involved. This post orders needed meat, fruit, vegetables, etc., from one of these marketing centers. That center, in turn, orders from the local outlet, and the commodities are then delivered directly to the requisitioning station.

Through a system of advantageous ordering, the central procurement agency is able to purchase foodstuffs —both perishable and non-perishable —during the best buying seasons. This makes it possible to ease the Armed Services' cut into civilian reserves, as

well as lightening the transportation problem involved in keeping food flowing to the troops. The purchase of foodstuffs in large quantities by the central agency saves the services—and

Once supplies arrive aboard a Marine Corps installation they become the responsibility of the commissary supply officer. The chain of command differs according to the size of the installation.

BANG EARS WITH —
THE MESS SERGEANT
THE MESS BOYS
CHEE!!
A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOUR WIFE, SIR— IT ONLY COST $2,500.00
IT'S ALL FOR YOU, MATEY
DID YOU BOYS ENJOY THE SIX CASES OF BREW I SENT YOU?
BEANS
IF YOU LIKE CAVIAR AND CREPE SUZETTE, THE SARGE IS THE BIRD TO "FIX"
SACK-TIME SPRINT
1200
1207
1207½
1208 TO 1300
USE OF DECOYS
PIN UP YOUR FAVORITE FIFI AT THE END OF THE MESS HALL TABLE AND YOU CAN SHOVEL IN THE CHOW AT YOUR LEISURE
BOOBY TRAPS
BEWARE OF SPREAD EAGLES DRAWING FLIGHT PAY
OBJECT LESSON ON WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE HAND IS NOT IMMEDIATELY REMOVED FROM NO MAN'S LAND (MEAT PLATTER)
POISE, POLITENESS AND FEMININE DAINTINESS GRACE THE TABLES OF OUR LITTLE "FEATHERNECK" MARINES
LIGHTNING PINCERS MOVEMENT
WHEN THE COMMAND "SEATS" IS GIVEN SCOOP UP EVERYTHING IN REACH
I NEED A RE-FIT
SIX SHELTER HALFS COMIN' UP!!
G.I. MAC IN FOR A CLOTHING SURVEY TWO WEEKS AFTER HE MASTERS THE TECHNIQUE OF EATING CHOW FROM THE LOADED TABLE
BASIC MEDALS
DISTINGUISHED FUNNEL MOUTH
CHOWHOUND
PURPLE EYE
SHORT STOP
ELBOW EXPERT
HOG CALLER
WOUNDED WHILE SHORT STOPPING
GABBY GUT
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THESE CARTOONS AND ACTUAL CHOW HALL MARINES IS AB-SO-LUTELY INTENTIONAL
FRED LASSWELL

the American taxpayer—millions of dollars every year.

To supplement these seasonal rations and basic commodities, small posts are occasionally authorized to procure specific items from civilian channels at hand. Many items in a Marine Corps mess are produced from the raw materials right on the stations. These range from baked goods to ice cream.

Most large posts have a Consolidation Mess System with a food director, responsible to the supply officer for mess administration. This food director is assisted by a mess officer; in small posts where there is no need for a food director, the mess officer is in charge.

The food director coordinates the activities of the cooks, bakers and butchers; sees to it that regular schooling and other types of educational programs for mess personnel are carried out; inspects the various mess halls and galleys; sees that the master menu issued by Headquarters, Marine Corps, is followed; advises the commissary officer, and through proper channels, the Commandant, on the various messing problems at his station. The mess officer directly supervises the functions of the food handlers and record keepers and assists in carrying out the instructions of the food director.

During World War II the Corps learned that the old adage "too many cooks spoil the broth" had a ring of truth. Marine Corps cooks were "spoiling the broth" with their own ideas of nutrition and malnutrition, seasoning and overseasoning. It was here that a master menu system was adopted by the Corps.

Prepared by the Food Service Division, the Corps' master menu was first published as a suggestion for cooks to follow or ignore. Later it was made mandatory for them to follow. A menu is prepared for each day of every month in the year. In paper-backed booklet form a month's menu is sent to each mess activity in the Marine Corps, months in advance of the time it is to be actually served. Any mess cook *today* can tell you what will be served in the mess hall on any specific day in September of this year. This has proved a great boon to cooks and bakers throughout the Corps, as it would be to any housewife who could plan the meals for her family months in advance. The master menu augmented by the Marine Corps recipe book now assures that no longer will the "broth be spoiled."

Nutritionally, the menu exceeds the recommendations of the Department of Agriculture. That department recommends 3600 calories as an average nutritive value, while the Corps master menu averages around 4700 calories.

The ouija board cannot foretell the future for chow in the Marine Corps. Planners, however, can tell us that with greater emphasis being placed on diet and nutrition by the general public, that emphasis will carry over into the Armed Services.

One spokesman in the food department stated, "We can almost tell the age group of the men eating at any one particular mess. If that mess leans heavily toward meat and potatoes we can pretty well assume they are an older age group. If the mess serves a lot of salads, it indicates a young bunch of troops are eating there."

In either case, it is a far cry from plumduff, lobscouse and daddyfunk of the Continental Marines. **END**

# FIREWORKS

**It was neither safe nor sane but Bailey wanted an old-fashioned Fourth of July**

by W. O. Fred Stolley
USMC

**"Fireworks At Motoyama" is a fictionalized version of an actual incident which occurred during World War II. The cause of the blast was never determined, but the author of this story, a POW at the camp where the incident took place, offers his conception of how the happy blow-up might have been arranged.— Ed.**

WE WERE taking a break from loading the ore car and sitting smoking our pipes in the tunnel that led from the *kittyhaw* when Jack Bailey knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked at me.

"What d'ya say we blow this crummy mine up," he said.

I almost swallowed my pipe. With anyone else I would have just gone on, drawing away at the old weed and dreaming about making a liberty at "Ye Olde Cellar" in Chicago. But Jack was different—when he said something he meant it.

I remember one time when a gang of us were sitting around on the balcony at the Fourth Marines' Club on Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai. We had been telling sea stories and Jack had been pretty quiet, but suddenly he made his bid for attention.

"You know," he said, "for a hundred 'Mex' I'd jump off this balcony!"

"Horse" Atkins had looked up and sneered.

"The price is right, but I don't think you got the guts."

He took out his wallet, counted out ten Wang Chei Wei ten-dollar bills and before he could put his wallet back in his pocket Jack had grabbed the dough and jumped.

We ran downstairs expecting to pick up the pieces, but we should have known better. While we had been shooting the breeze Jack had been surveying the situation and had seen a heavy bushlike tree out in front of the balcony. When he made his bid, he had jumped for the tree and cushioned his fall on it. He had bounced out of the tree, landed on his feet without a scratch, and was picking up his garrison cap when we got there.

"Don't EVER make a crack like that to me again," he told Horse.

So when Jack talked about blowing up the mine, I didn't shrug it off like a two-bit poker bet. I remembered that one incident, and others—like the time he got the big wheeled *calesa* up on the roof of the barracks at Olongapo, and the day he passed himself off as a full colonel and had the Japanese Naval Landing Party fall out an honor guard for him.

I broke out in a cold sweat. "Don't talk like that," I said. "Suppose someone heard you . . . if it ever happened the first thing the Nips would do would be to shoot 300 Americans."

Three hundred of us worked the mine at Motoyama — that is, there were about 500 Koreans and about a thousand Japanese, but we 300 Americans did most of the work. We were all POWs taken during World War II —Jack and I were Marines taken prisoner at the fall of Corregidor, the others were a mixed group. Some were soldiers taken after the fall of Bataan and others were sailors who had been picked up by the Japanese after naval battles in the early stages of the war.

In March of 1944, we had been transported from the Philippines to Japan to work in the mine. Nobody took a Gallup poll at the time but the consensus was that working in a Japanese copper mine would never replace home cooking or night baseball in the hearts of the average American boy. Bailey, a master of picturesque speech and patter, summed up the situation the day we arrived at Tokyo Dispatch Camp #12.

"This place stinks," he said.

It did too. The camp was built high on the peak of a mountain above the workings of the mine which lay in a valley half a mile below. Sulphurous fumes from the smokestack of the smelter at the railhead in the city of Hitachi at the foot of the mountains had killed all the vegetation for miles

# AT MOTOYAMA

Takada started to leave but I grabbed him by the sleeve and pointed to the rock ledge on the overhead. "It's dangerous," I shouted at him

around and the streams running through the mine village of Motoyama were black as the Styx as a result of the chemicals used to separate the copper from the ore we took from the mine.

I agreed with Jack, it was a lousy hole. But I wanted to get home some day and feel another cold brew or two trickle down my throat again, and I figured if I got mixed up in any of Jack's wild plans, my chances of walking into a Stateside tavern would be considerably diminished. So I tried to shrug it off.

"Just when would you like this big blow-out to take place?" I asked sarcastically.

Jack grinned, "How about the Fourth of July? I always enjoyed fireworks on the Fourth."

"Let's get back to work," I said nervously. "Here comes Takada."

Takada was our boss—our *Hancho.* We worked in a stope, or a *kittyhaw,* as the Japanese called it and it wasn't a bad job if you liked hard work. The night crew would drill holes all during their shift and when we came to work everything would be set. Takada would set his charges, blast out a load of ore, then sit back and smoke his pipe while Jack and I loaded it into cars, pushed it about 500 yards down a tunnel and dumped it down a chute. I never found out what happened to it after we dumped it but Jack had pointed out, "We're not the lowest form of life;

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that ore goes down, so there must be someone working under us."

The Japanese were like any other race of people—there were a lot of good ones and a few bad ones. Some of our guards were aces—they were the ones who had been in the army and had been shot up so bad they couldn't do field duty any more. They were firm, but fair—we had put up a good fight in the Philippines and they respected us as professional Marines. The others were misfits—either physically or mentally unfit for field duty.

The civilians who worked in the mine with us were of the same pattern. Most of them were very good and slipped us extra chow and tobacco now and then. Then there was a sprinkling of others like Takada, our *Hancho*—he was a low-grade, sadistic moron. As a race, the Japanese are very courteous people, but few of them even bothered to bid Takada the time of the day.

But for a long time I thought our *Hancho* had at least one soft spot. He'd meet us every day at the shaft head with a big box of dynamite and one small box. He'd carry the big box and let Jack and me alternate carrying the small box.

"He's got his good points," I said one day. "After all, he could carry the small box every day and make us carry the big boxes."

We walked up and down miles of ladders getting to and from the *kitty-haw* every day and a little weight made a difference. But Jack glared at me after I made my pitch.

"You stupid jerk, you know what that small box has in it?"

"Why . . . ah . . . fuses I suppose?"

"That's fuse he carries coiled around his neck . . . the small box has got fulminate of mercury caps in it . . . that's why he lets us carry it and go down the ladder first. If we ever slipped carrying it . . . curtains!"

That shook me. I quit sliding down the ladders after that.

We didn't have a chance to talk much the rest of the day after Jack had broached his plan and I was hoping he had forgotten it as we carried the dynamite we had left over from the day's work back to the powder house. In the morning, Takada always got the stuff out of the powder house himself and met us at the shaft head with it, but at night, after we finished our work and were on our own time he made us carry it back and stow it away. He was pretty good about it though, he'd hold the light for us while we hoisted the boxes up on the stack—and that light worried me. It was an open-flame carbide miner's lamp; we all used them; they were the only lights we had in the mine.

"Why don't they put an electric light in that powder shack?" I griped to Jack. "I get nervous as hell when Takada walks close to all that dynamite with that open-flame lamp."

"Don't worry about it, Junior," Jack consoled me, "an open flame can't set off dynamite . . . it takes a hard blow . . . that's why they use dynamite caps."

I should have known better than to think that Bailey would forget an idea once it was hatched in his one-way mind. That night after *tenko* (muster) he dropped by my sleeping bay to see me.

"You remember what happened to 'Stoney' Craig last week?" he asked me.

Did I remember? Stoney still looked like a plucked chicken. Just inside the gate of the compound where we were cooped up there was a metal barrel and when we came in after work we emptied what carbide we had left in our lamps into it. Now I don't know whether you know anything about carbide or not but it can be dangerous. Controlled in a lamp it burns with a steady flame, or as it is used in the smoke-lamps on the rifle range, it does a nice job of blackening your sights. But get some in a can, let it get wet, then introduce a flame to it and—blooie . . . !

That's what happened to Stoney . . . he made the introduction.

After about a hundred of us had emptied the wet carbide out of our lamps in the barrel, Stoney stopped in the general vicinity and lit his pipe. The blast that followed knocked him out of the vicinity and singed off all his hair and eyebrows.

"So," I queried, "what do we do? Take up a collection and then go out and buy Stoney a toupee until his hair grows back?"

"Don't wise off until you get a little time in this outfit!" Bailey growled. "That accident got me thinkin' . . . Suppose there was a can of carbide in the powder house and suppose again that the carbide got wet. That shack's got tar paper on the outside and it isn't ventilated very well. The gas from the carbide would cluster up in there, and when Takada walked in with his lighted lamp to get powder in the morning—BOOM! It would be enough of a jolt to set off the dynamite in the shack, and the chain reaction might be enough to set off the powder in all the other shacks . . ."

There were about a dozen pit-heads in the bowl-like valley and each separate entrance had its own powder shack. If his theory were correct, the chain explosions could blow the entire mine to Kingdom Come. I shivered, as I thought about it.

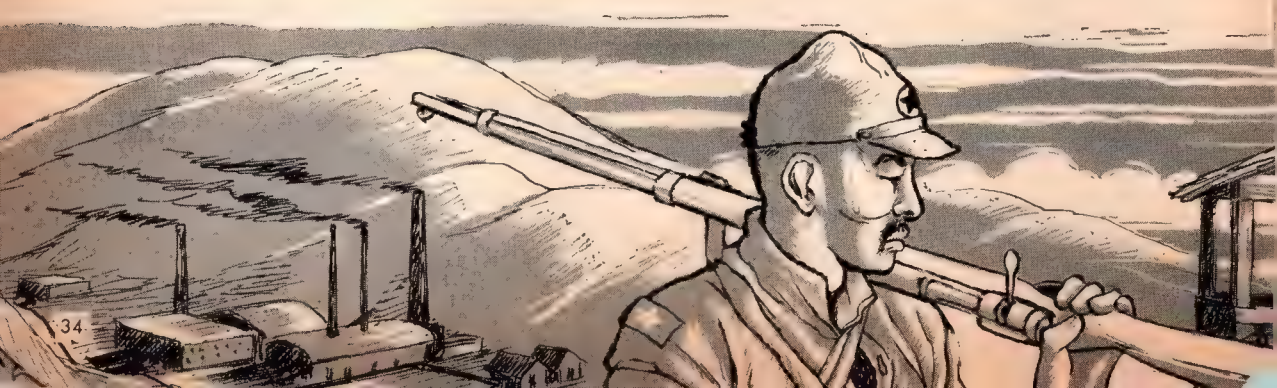
"Forget it, will you Jack? I want to get back to Chicago after this thing is over and have a few cold ones with a friend of mine . . ." I thought for a moment, "A good friend of mine, and I hope after a few beers that she will become even a better friend than she was when I left."

"Nothing will happen," Jack argued. "They won't suspect us if it happens at six in the morning when Takada goes to the shack. There wouldn't have been an American near the place for at least 12 hours."

"Well, it won't work!"

"Why not?"

"Suppose you did manage to get a can of wet carbide into the powder house . . ." I was thinking fast. "In 12 hours the gas would all be worked out of the carbide and it would seep



out of the building by the time Takada went to work."

"Well," Jack muttered, "I gotta figure out something . . . it's only a week to the Fourth."

Next morning Jack was late for *tenko* and we were held up while one of the Japanese guards gave us a lecture on the virtue of promptness.

"Where were you doping off?" I asked Jack after we took off for the mine. He held up his water bottle.

"I dropped my bottle stopper when I was getting water and I couldn't find it."

The mine was hotter than usual that day and water was very necessary, so I tossed him a piece of rice straw rope I was carrying in my pocket.

"Plug it up with this," I said.

But Jack might as well have left his bottle back at camp for all the good it did him. At our working level in the mine it was so hot we always shed most of our clothes and worked in just a "G" string and rubber shoes. Jack forgot the bottle and left it in his jacket which we hung up in a room on another level. Takada was especially miserable that day and wouldn't let Jack go back for it so we worked all day on what I had in my bottle. By quitting time we were pretty thirsty and when we got back to where our clothes were stored the first thing we thought of was the full water bottle. We both took a drink and then Jack noticed that his jacket was all wet.

"Hey . . . that jury-rigged bottle stopper you gave me leaked about as much as no stopper at all."

"Sure, you clown, didn't you ever hear of capillary attraction?"

"How's that again?"

Capillary attraction . . . it's what causes kerosene to draw up the wick of an oil lamp . . . if you put one end of a rope in a bottle and hang the other end over a table, water will draw itself up the rope in time, and drip off the other end."

Jack stopped with one arm through his jacket.

"How long does it take?"

"Oh I dunno . . . some time I guess. You put that stopper in the bottle about six this morning—that's about 12 hours ago—and your jacket is pretty wet. I guess it would take about eight or 10 hours to work through."

Jack snapped his fingers.

"That's it!"

"That's what?"

"Never mind . . . I'll tell you later —Takada's waiting."

That night Jack came into my sleeping bay and sat down on the floor mat. He showed me a roll of adhesive tape and a big eight-ounce pill bottle he had chiseled from the doctor.

"How about this . . . ?" He sketched rapidly with a pointed stick on the earthen floor. "We get a pound can of carbide, fill the pill bottle with water and tape it to the top of the can with adhesive tape. We put the rice straw rope in the bottle, drape it over the side, punch a hole in the carbide can and insert the end of the rope. After about eight hours the water will start to drip on the carbide and form gas . . . by about six in the morning it'll really be boiling . . . then Takada walks in with his little lamp . . ." he scuffed the sketch out with his foot.

"You're crazy," I said. "I don't want any part of it. Some of our men are bound to get killed in the blast."

"How can they?" Jack argued. "The night shift is always up here by five-thirty and the whole 300 of us, except the cooks in the galley, have to stand tenko together at six o'clock."

I thought about it a minute. He was right! There was a period of about an hour when no POWs were in the mine area. I was weakening.

"But how you gonna get the gimmick in the powder shack?"

"That's why I need your help. You gotta keep Takada busy while I strap the gimmick inside the dynamite box and tape it down good."

"Okay," I said. But my throat was dry and I was mentally writing off my projected beer date in Chicago.

Jack didn't say anything about the deal for several days and I was in hopes he had forgotten about it. Then one day, after we had dumped our last carload down the chute, Jack nudged me. "This is it," he said.

I got nervous as hell but Jack never quivered. He had the bottle and the tape with him (I had thought it was funny that he wore his jacket that day) and it was no strain to get the carbide. We always kept a couple of two-kilo cans close to the job to replenish our lamps.

As Jack started to put the unused dynamite back into one of the boxes I walked past Takada into the *kittyhaw* and called to him. He came in and I pointed up to a ledge of rock on the overhead.

"*Abunai,*" I told him (it's dangerous).

They were always worried about rock-falls in the mine, so he gave it careful attention and picked at it a bit.

"*Baka,*" he snorted, (you're crazy). He started to leave but I grabbed him by the sleeve.

"*Abunai . . . abunai!*" I shouted.

He tore loose and swung a roundhouse right at me. It was no strain to duck, but I thought for a minute I was going to have to slug him to keep stalling . . . then I heard Jack whistle. I backed away and laughed. Takada looked puzzled for a minute, then shrugged and went out. We had it made!

But at the shaft head another crisis developed. We were late getting up and the rest of the gang and the guards were waiting. The guards wanted to shove us right in line and have us take off for camp but Takada cooperated for once. He read the head guard off and told him that we were working for him until he released us. We went through our usual routine — stacked the empty powder box outside the shack and placed the half-filled one (with the gimmick in it) inside the shack—then we joined the party for the march up the mountain. On the way up Jack spoke softly.

"Just to make sure, I put a couple of dynamite caps next to the gimmick."

We didn't talk about it any more. We hadn't said *(continued on page 74)*

# IF I WERE COMMANDANT

by TSgt. H. W. Timrud
USMC

**What changes would you make if you held the Marine Corps' solitary four-star billet?**

AS THE LONG-BOAT whipped and tossed in the wind-swept sea, the eyes of Private Timothy Xavier Mahoney, Continental Marines, narrowed in an effort to see the outlines of the sloop *Providence*. The usual Irish sparkle was missing on this St. Patrick's Day in 1776.

New Providence, the scene of the Marines' first amphibious operation, was fading in the twilight behind him.

Mahoney pulled his scarf over the muzzle of the "finest shootin' iron in the Colonies" and registered displeasure with cheerless glances at the other Marines in the boat.

Mahoney was bitter. The Marines—the best marksmen in the Corps—had made a landing—and they hadn't fired a single shot. There was the little matter of liberty . . . not one mug of fine English ale!

He turned his attention to the distinguished features of the man sitting stoically in the stern, his Commandant, Captain Samuel Nicholas.

"What an outfit," Mahoney muttered. "Now, if I were Commandant . . ."

Long before Mahoney's day, the citizenry of the world had been saying, "If I were king . . ." Perhaps the impossibility of ever achieving the top spot prompts people to imagine themselves in it—and cast their recommendations on patient ears. There may have been many changes in history if captains and kings had given audience to the thousands of would-be, if-only-for-a-day, monarchs.

But, in those days, a peon was a peon, and his opinions were considered ridiculous—even before he uttered them. There's a difference today; there can be no doubt that many letters to

the Chief Executive of the United States start with, "If I were President, I'd . . ." If the idea expressed is ridiculous; Mr. Eisenhower probably says so, but if the suggestion is worthy, there is every possibility that it will receive fair consideration.

It's true that I never wrote to the President, nor can I remember ever having said, "If I were Commandant . . ." but I've heard Marines use it often enough. In the past, I regarded the phrase with indifference, but eventually I realized that it had potential undertones. And I took a one-man survey at the Marine Corps' largest recruit training base. Here, the majority of youngsters get their first taste of the Corps—and here, to train them, are the young veterans and old salts, gathered from ships, posts and stations all over the world. Boots and Salts, I said to myself, here's your chance to sound off to a willing listener!

Since it is probable that Pvt. Mahoney of the Continental Marines engaged in discussions at Tun Tavern, I began my search for these answers at the Corps' modern counterpart, the Staff NCO club. Here, tension relaxes, small talk turns into discussions, and the discussions often bring forth constructive points which contribute materially and morally to the Corps.

Edging cautiously into a conversation, I waited for the ideal moment, then tossed my question as subtly as a Marine arcing a grenade into a small cave. I awaited the bombastic replies.

Instead . . . thoughtful silence!

At length, a sergeant major who has two years to go for his seventh hashmark—and "knew 'Old Smed' like a book"—stated he would "take appropriate action to ensure that the dignity of the NCO ranks be maintained." He would accomplish this, "by making certain that senior NCOs are not placed in positions subordinate to their juniors, and that juniors be required to support their seniors without ridiculing old traditions that have set us apart from other services."

Nodding vigorously in the affirmative, several of the other oldsters started speaking at the same time. Gradually, their voices died away. It was time to buy another round.

Before their interest could wane, I dipped grudgingly into the yen I had been saving for Thursday night Bingo, called the waitress and ordered another round.

Conversation resumed. A master sergeant declared he would exempt all master sergeants or senior NCOs.

"Exempt them from what?" I inquired.

"From standing clothing inspections," said he.

"It's ridiculous," he fog-horned on, "to have senior noncoms inspected for a phase of Marine readiness of this nature. The prestige of the senior NCOs suffers when new men observe these NCOs with 12, 15, 18 or even 20 years service, standing clothing inspection and layouts.

"I'll buy that," said a third-cruise technical sergeant.

"RHIP—'Rank Hath Its Privileges'—has its rightful place," he continued. "But most of all, I would try to keep the Corps an elite military outfit by requiring Blues as *the* liberty uniform —especially for an all volunteer Marine Corps."

The sergeant major made a wry face as he bit into a green olive.

"Don't look so happy, Top. After seven years of guard and FMF duty, I finally got three years on recruiting. I wore my Blues every day of that time. I know they can be worn in a comfortable manner.

"Furthermore," I'd issue swords to all Staff NCOs for drill. I would make weekly training problems more realistic with field problems and insist on non-infantry MOS personnel handling infantry positions during these periods. This would ensure General Shepherd's theme of maintaining the Corps as a combat force in readiness."

A newly made staff sergeant sidled into the group. He insisted on the right to buy the next round. Since he had purchased the right to sound off, all hands turned their attention to him.

"Well," he mused, delighted at their courteous attention, "I would square away the drill field! A DI who is a Pfc just out of boot camp can't give a recruit very much esprit de corps and doesn't know many of the answers that he'll get from experience. So, I'd use only seasoned, experienced NCOs as Drill Instructors, and particularly place more emphasis on physical conditioning."

At this moment, a triple hashmarked, bull necked master sergeant, who is field sergeant major for a recruit battalion, pulled up a chair.

The fairly quiet decorum of the club was shattered as he spoke in a bellowing voice.

He pointed first to the Staff and then the Gunny, saying:

"You mentioned the field—and you mentioned recruiting. Well, I know both angles like the lock frame group of a light machine gun. I know what *I* would do if I were CMC. I would make every Officer in Charge of a recruiting station responsible to *me* for enlisting misfits. No recruiting sergeant is allowed by law to swear a man in, therefore, an Officer in Charge can still refuse some joker who doesn't measure up."

"Atta boy, cobber," sounded off another master sergeant. "Only I'd go a little further . . ."

"How so?" inquired the Gunny.

"By doing everything in my power before Congress or other influential places to restore the old enlistment requirements. America still has thousands of sharp, physically qualified men and they can be found by a recruiter."

Just as the comments were beginning to come thick and fast, the bartender rang out "Brown Baggers' Call" with the cow bell. It was 1700.

The chairs scraped back and the "khaki sackers" started moving toward the exit.

I stopped a prematurely gray technical sergeant with four service stripes. He was wearing the Philippine ribbons, indicating his years behind barbed wire as a POW during the Big War.

I started to question him.

He smiled and gestured toward a few portly six-stripers still sipping complacently.

"If *I* were Commandant, I would RETIRE ALL MASTER SERGEANTS!" he said loudly.

With yuk-yuks echoing around his ears, he strode smugly from the room.

Thoughtfully jiggling the remaining Bingo money, I also took leave.

As the cars, trucks and busses of the civilian workers moved slowly toward the main gate, the "Gunny" sergeant, an 11-year veteran, walking beside me, remarked how confused his men were about uniforms . . . and, if *he* were only Commandant . . . !

"What would you do?" I asked.

"I know what I'd do! I'd reprimand or fire all civilians on Marine posts who wear articles of Marine uniforms for working clothes, no matter where they got them. Stop them at the main gate, send them home, and you'll soon knock off the appearance of a semi-

**TURN PAGE**

Marine, semi-civilian."

At the gedunk stand I picked up a cup of joe. Two Marines joined me. One was an attractive Woman Marine sergeant, rounding out her first cruise.

In response to my query, she said she would "make it possible to have field training (of sorts designed specifically for WMs) included in boot camp." She also inferred that other countries taught their women in service to fire and care for weapons . . . "and why shouldn't we?" she asked.

Rather than remark that female vocal cords are already considered a "weapon" by many otherwise strong hearts, we let her challenge dangle in the air. It was, however, quickly wafted aside by her companion, a healthy looking, robust young ox. His penetrating eyes appraised us from stem to stern and twice around the midsection; then from deep down in his smokeless lungs, his voice came forth.

"I would make it mandatory that all personnel below the age of 40 do 30 minutes of calisthenics daily. Everyone seems to be harping for more comforts. We're known as a rugged outfit. Why not toughen or tone up physically? Restore mass physical drill every morning, with music as a cadence, as they used to do it in boot camp.

A very sharp appearing, hashmarked corporal, overhearing this from an adjacent chair, nodded in agreement, then turned to us and said:

"Hey! I know what I'd do if *I* had four stars!"

"O.K. Marine," I replied, "exactly what would you do?"

"I'm not sitting atop an emblem," he went on with a modest air, "but I'd crack down with disciplinary measures on all officers and NCOs who are not shining examples to their juniors. I'm referring to sloppy uniforms—greens and utilities—shoes not 'spit-shined,' hands in pockets, wearing headgear indoors when not under arms, and so on. If the people on top don't take any action, how do they expect a junior NCO to maintain traditions—with a one man crusade?"

At this moment, the shrill whistle of the public address system tuning up for the basketball game, reminded me that I had better hurry to my seat.

In the corridor, the stubby, beckoning finger of the master sergeant with the fog horn voice, summoned me. Standing next to him was a tall, graying, rugged looking captain.

Fog Horn introduced us. The captain smiled and departed.

"He's my old skipper," the sergeant said pridefully. "We served in the Solomons together, and Korea too. He has 25 years in the Corps—enlisted and commissioned time.

"You know that question about being Commandant? Well, I asked the skipper what he would do. Here's what he wrote down on a piece of paper."

He handed the sheet over.

It said: ". . . I would make it possible for officers and staff NCOs to have a more stable home life by increasing their tour of duty at installations where housing is available. I would transfer them only during school vacations (when possible) if they have children of school age. I would make housing available overseas so their dependents could accompany them when they left the States, and by giving them as much advance notice as possible. I believe more junior officers and NCOs would remain in the Corps if they felt they could look forward to some semblance of normal family life.

I folded the paper and put it away, hardly noticing Fog Horn had left and the game had started.

In the dim light of the passageway, other comments, other Marines came to mind. If *they* could be Commandant . . .

The tanned Gunny with three service stripes, who thought each post and station should have a farm to partially supply foods for the mess as an economy move for the Corps. He also thought it would be good therapy for the troops who had had a rough time getting over their combat . . .

Another sergeant, who would like to set up a Marine Corps Finance & Loan Company to do away with sharp loan sharks who are fleecing Marines daily. He felt it would work because the Corps controls the pay records.

The foreign born technical sergeant with 12 years service and a couple of Purple Hearts, and an American citizen for a period much longer than that, who would change the requirements for State Department duty to include Marines who are not native born and yet, have shown their loyalty to America and the Marine Corps through years of faithful service . . .

The pink faced private first class, who stated he would provide more diversion for unmarried enlisted men stationed away from decent liberty places . . .

The number of NCOs who enthusiastically agreed with a 20-year master sergeant when he proposed that he would open up and elaborate on the commissioning program for senior NCOs who, for the most part, feel they have hit a blank wall after making master sergeant.

And finally, the comment of a self-assured first sergeant with 16 years behind him who concluded:

". . . I would call a conference with the General Staff . . . listen to all their gripes, ideas and sales talks. I would then disapprove all suggestions—and leave the Corps as I found it. Yes siree, the best trained, the fightin'est, the greatest and the finest guys anywhere—MY Corps!"

There you have it, Marine! A cross section of some of the answers, remarks and opinions put forth by the career men and women who have helped make the Marine Corps renowned throughout the world.

What then, is the final consensus? Do YOU agree or disagree?

All right, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF *YOU* WERE COMMANDANT?

If you've been introducing your gripes or ideas with the phrase, "If I were Commandant . . ." you are invited to toss them in to us for serious consideration.

*Leatherneck* will pay $25 for each opinion it prints. There are no hard and fast rules; just jot your ideas on any handy scrap of paper and send them to *Leatherneck*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Please keep 'em short, somewhere around 150 words will be fine.

Don't let those, "If I Were Commandant . . ." beefs bounce vainly on the slop chute bulkheads; send them to *Leatherneck:* they may be worth twenty-five dollars! **END**

# GYRENE GYNGLES

### Rank Ending

She was blonde and she was beautiful,
She was tempting, teasing and delightful.
I thought it impossible to resist her,
Until I learned she was my Top's kid sister.

### Office Hours

They disappeared through
The First Sergeant's door
And were seen no more.
Think what you will
They haven't come out still.

Here's what I think, by heck,
There's either a back door
To that place, or
A lot of skeletons
Buried under the deck.

Michael Fletcher

### I'm George

I'm George and I'm as nutty as a fruit cake.
You don't believe me, do you? Well, it's true.
Want to hear how come I lost my marbles?
Gotta minute? I'll explain it all to you.

Time was, I loved the world and all things in it.
Them days I was a carefree happy pup.
But when I found I didn't get attention,
I decided t' give bein' happy up.

Small happy dogs there was where we was quartered—
Big happy dogs, and even middle-sized.
I never got no notice, no I didn't,
Till I needed to be psychoanalyzed.

One day, man-tired, I started for the chow-line.
By accident, I ran into a tree.
Bright stars and lights I saw, and when I looked up
A dozen Marines were hovering over me.

"He's kilt, he's dead," I heard a corporal shouting.
"Oh no he ain't, just stunned," somebody said.
I fainted. When I woke up they were—get this—
Serving me my rice and tea in bed!

They pampered me, and fussed and fumed and fretted
When I looked beat and sick, or even sad.
I caught on quick that they would soon forget me
If I ever got well and feelin' glad.

So sure, I'm nuts, and I intend to stay nuts
For months and months to come, because, you see,
I got a whole doggone Marine battalion
Wonderin' what the heck is wrong with me!

Dorothy Pangrace

### The Corps

The Marine Corps is a lot of things
Intangible and unseen.
There's pride and strength and glory, too,
All in the one word—Marine.
It started back in 'seventy-five
When the Marine Corps was new.
Great bearing and tradition
Have followed it through.

From the decks of the *Bon Homme Richard*
And the decks of the *Enterprise*, too.
Up through the years to Vera Cruz
And the woods at Belleau.
The Boxer Rebellion in China
And the Insurrection in the Philippines.
All added glory and tradition
To the already famous Marines.

Before the smoke of Pearl Harbor
Had cleared away
Marines all over the Pacific
Were making the enemy pay.
The brave Marines on Tarawa
And the gallant ones of Saipan
Were cutting a path through the enemy
In the march towards Japan.

Though the fighting ceased
The Marines were not done.
They were called again to action
For a landing at Inchon.
They marched to a frozen reservoir
And were evacuated at Hungnam.
They took and re-took each mountain
Till they didn't give a damn.

Though the strife in Korea is over
The Marines march proudly along.
On ships of the fleet and on foreign soil
You'll hear their famous song.
So into the future we'll send them
With glory and love for the Corps
Knowing they'll uphold our tradition
As the Marines who have gone before.

Pfc Grace E. Miltenberger

"This town ain't a scheduled stop," the conductor told Giles... "Must be an accident on down the line. Cow killed, maybe. Go get your coffee."

# Marchi

THE TRAIN SHIVERED and creaked to a halt. Giles peered through the washroom window and saw the outskirts of a small town. It was very early, 0530 by his watch; a cup of joe would taste fine. The 29 other Marines in his car were still asleep.

He finished brushing his teeth, combed his hair immaculately and tapped the visor cap on, just so. I will leave the train, he thought, have a cup of Georgia coffee and be back aboard in ten minutes.

The conductor yawned sleepily in the cool morning air as he leaned against the cold flank of the car. He blinked as the tall, grinning Marine swung down the platform. A troublemaker, the conductor thought grumpily. Not an evil-doer, just a troublemaker. Probably the best shot in his outfit and he knows it.

"Good morning, friend," Giles said. "A beautiful, southern morning at that, eh?"

"Yeah," the conductor grunted. "Where's all your friends?"

Giles shrugged indifferently. "Asleep.

# ng Through Georgia

by Frank Scott York

And they are not friends of mine. We are thirty strangers enroute to Parris Island for a combat refresher course. Sounds impressive, eh friend?"

"Yeah," the conductor agreed.

"Well it isn't. I'll let you in on a secret." Giles' grin became mocking. "We are the malcontents of every soft garrison duty in the north. The gripers, the guys who are never satisfied, the Joes who are always putting in for transfer. You know why?"

"No, why?" the conductor asked, interested.

"Because," Giles said confidentially, "we don't go for civilian-type duty. And we ain't—none of us—too fond of civilians . . . we go for the rough stuff."

"I get it," the conductor growled. "You men are *Marines,* and because civilians aren't Marines, they're wrong. You're the *real* traditional, perfect Marines — like on the recruiting posters . . ."

"No, we ain't that either," Giles said. "We cultivate the bad habit of overstaying our week ends off and we interpret orders in a loose kind of way —just because we ain't happy. See?"

"That explains why you fellows are so quiet," the conductor said thoughtfully. "I thought you was all sick or something. I've seen a lot of Marines on this run and usually they're a pretty peppy bunch. But you fellows . . ."

"Are sad sacks," Giles nodded happily. "A mouldy crew. And now that we have chatted, tell me friend, where are we, how long will we be here and where can I get a cup of coffee? Your diner coffee is good, but I am an early riser and your chef is not."

"Don't know how long we'll be here," the conductor yawned. "Ain't a scheduled stop. Must have been an accident or something down the line. Cow killed, maybe. Go get your coffee, sonny. You'll go anyway, from what you've just told me. Can't pronounce the name of the town; sounds like a sneeze with a southern accent . . . should be a restaurant nearby but I don't know where. Like I said, ain't a scheduled stop."

Giles smiled and started across the tracks. "Thanks friend. Have the engineer toot twice and burn a candle in the cab window when you're ready to leave."

"Hey," the conductor called after him. "If you're as bad as you make out, how come you got all them ribbons?"

Giles' smile faded and he self-consciously touched the double row of stars and salad on his breast. "Oh," he shrugged, "anybody can work a trigger."

He was whistling softly as he ambled into a small, battered cafe fronting on the one recognizable street in the town—if it could be called a town. The buildings were weathered and shabby with none of them over two stories. The Mainline Cafe squatted between the courthouse and a drugstore like a small, dirty boy in hiding. The counter was greasy, flyspecked and centered with a heaping plate of shriveled doughnuts. Giles sighed, almost wishing he'd stayed on the train.

"Well, well, good morning, young man."

She was old with mousy, greying hair and tired, friendly eyes. She

TURN PAGE

"How many of you clowns feel like troop and stomp?" Giles shouted. Twenty-nine men in varying stages of undress thought he was crazy

**MARCHING (cont.)**

smiled at him as he stared at her and reached for the Silex. "You don't have to tell me. You have that coffee look. Man needs his coffee in the morning. Roy was like that."

Giles almost groaned. She was like the town; old and worn-out. He had hoped for someone much younger, not necessarily pretty, but someone to kid with, to kill a little time with.

"In town for the parade, young man?" she asked, setting the cup before him. He saw that her hands trembled slightly.

"No ma'am," he said politely. "Just passing through. You having a parade today?"

She crossed her arms and nodded. "Why, sure. Fourth of July. Don't they have Fourth of July parades where you hail from?"

Giles was annoyed at his flush. "I'd forgotten, I guess."

"Well," she said gently, patting his arm, I guess you boys are kept pretty busy. I guess every day is the Fourth of July when you're in the Marines. Parades and everything. Roy used to tell me."

All right, Giles thought wearily, I'll bite. "Roy?"

"My boy. He was killed in Korea."

Giles nodded and sipped the coffee. This is getting worse and worse. Why didn't I stay in my upper and listen to the snoring?

"You were in Korea?"

"Yes, ma'am. What was Roy's last name?"

"Parker." She leaned forward slightly and her hands clutched her elbows tightly. "You . . . You . . . ?"

"No," he said quickly. "I don't recall the name. There were a lot of guys there."

"Well," she said, sighing, "I guess that's right. But don't you try and pay for that coffee. How about a nice dish of bacon and eggs with some grits?"

"No thank you, ma'am. I have to get back to my train."

"Roy loved his breakfasts." She stared past him out the streaked window. "He loved this town, too, Lord knows why. It ain't much."

"It's his home," Giles said. "It's a nice little town." He sipped his coffee faster, anxious to be gone. There were no laughs here, none at all. The place and this old lady were somehow depressing. Giles didn't like to be depressed.

"Thank you," she said gravely. "Nice of you to say that. Oh, we're having a fine parade. Right down Center Street, past the courthouse and out to the lake. I've been looking forward to it."

"Why?" he asked curiously.

She studied him carefully, wanting to tell but held back by shyness. "Well, I'll tell you," she said finally. "Roy loved parades all his life. Used to drag me to ever' one of 'em within forty miles. He loved bands and marching; he was a farm boy but he had bands and marching in his heart. It seems like . . . well, like seeing a parade is like having him back with me for a bit. I'll set out front and watch it go by and remember how Roy used to jump up and down when he was a little tyke." She touched his arm again, carefully brushing the material. "I guess that's why he was so crazy about joining up with the Marines."

Giles studied his cup. "If that's what he expected, he found out different."

"Oh, he did," she nodded brightly, "but he was a boy with common sense. Last time he was home . . . almost two years ago, just before going overseas . . . he said it was more sweat than music but he liked it. He wasn't the only one from this town who didn't come back. There were six others. We're small but we're proud."

"Well," Giles said, rising.

"Have another cup, please." She was staring at him with a pleading, lonely expression and he found himself back on the stool without thinking about it.

"Seven is a lot from a town this size."

"Yes, but we're proud. I always like to think this country wouldn't be much without all the small places."

"Who's marching in your parade?"

She chuckled happily. "Oh, it won't be much by city standards . . . the high school fife and drum corps, Boy Scouts and the lodges and maybe a few servicemen who're on leave. Not much at all, but a parade at that."

"How come you're working here if you're farm folk?" He was looking at her now, seeing her as a person and as something that puzzled him. Something deeper than the work-hardened hands and the worry lined features.

She smiled past him, remembering. "When Roy was home, we worked our place and managed fine. It's only twelve acres but the soil is good. My husband died twelve years ago. Of course, when Roy left there wasn't much I could do so I took this job. I like it fine. See people and things happen all day long. Like you coming in. And Cy Bisbee—he owns the cafe—he's real pleasant to work for."

Giles rapped his knuckles on the counter irritably. "Why, Roy had no business enlisting. He could have stayed out easily on a dependency claim."

For a moment she looked much

younger and less tired. "I wouldn't hear of it. Like I said, he grew up with bands and marching in his heart. He would have stayed if I asked but I wouldn't have it. Not my Roy."

"I have to get back," Giles mumbled, dropping a dollar bill on the counter. He turned hastily and almost bumped into the tall, sunburned man in the slouch hat and the rumpled suit.

"Good luck, son," he heard her call. "And God bless you."

"Mary," he heard the tall man say firmly, "I've been up half the night wondering how I was gonna tell you this."

"Sit down Mayor and have a cup . . . "

"Now you listen a minute first. I hate to tell you this but . . . "

Giles paused at the door lighting a cigarette.

"Mary, there ain't gonna be a parade today."

Silence. Giles forced himself to look at her face and he swore softly to himself at the stricken, lost look.

"Why, Mayor . . . "

"I know, I know, we *always* have a Fourth of July parade. And there's gonna be one, but not here. Folks just don't seem to care this year. Now I'm gonna run over to Ballard after lunch. They're having a fine parade over there and . . . "

"Mayor Hunt, that's not right. Not right at all. Why we *have* to have a parade."

"I agree, but I guess folks here just don't want to go to the trouble any more. I've been trying all week to get them zipped up but there's nothing more I can do when the fife and drum corps agreed to march in Ballard. Now, is there Mary?"

Giles walked slowly back down the counter, his face tight. "What the hell did they do that for?" he demanded.

Mayor Hunt turned to him, surprised. "Hello, young feller. You from the train? I hear there's a tree across the track a few miles down."

"How long will it take to clear it away?"

"I don't know. Few hours I guess. Why?"

Giles looked straight at the old woman who was staring at the floor, her lips quivering. "Mayor," he said quietly, "how long would it take you to round up the fife and drum people . . . and all those others who were supposed to march?"

"Why? Is there some reason?"

"How long?"

"Hell, ten minutes by phone." His eyes widened. "Say, is there more of you on that . . . "

"Do it," Giles snapped. "Have them assembled in front of the courthouse in fifteen minutes." He leaned across the counter, pulled Roy's mother to him and kissed her exuberantly on the cheek. "Mother, you get out front and stand by for the snappiest parade you've ever seen."

"Glory be to God!" Mayor Hunt yelled, "saved by a damn-yankee." He raced to the rear of the cafe, toward the telephone.

Giles found the twenty-nine other Marines in varying stages of undress. When he came roaring into the car they peered down the aisle at him as though he were crazy. It had been a sullen, quiet trip and no one knew his seat companion except for the desultory conversations of the previous day.

"Hey," Giles shouted, "how many of you clowns feel like some troop and stomp?"

"He's nuts," a big corporal growled.

"Turn in your bottle, Sergeant," another muttered.

"Drop dead," a third advised.

"Listen to me," Giles snarled. "Just listen to me then do what you damn well please. I only want those that volunteer."

"Big of you," the corporal snarled back. But they gradually crowded around him and they listened.

The parade started at twelve minutes past eight in the morning, with the shrill piping of the fifes and the staccato rattle of drums. Word had gone

the length of the train and the passengers had deserted their cars and their breakfasts ambling into the one, milling street of a small Georgia town. The rising sun was warm and they shed their coats and sweaters and waited, peering in the direction of the courthouse. In front of the Mainline Cafe, Mayor Hunt held an old woman's arm and waited too, entirely forgetting his prerogative to march at the head of the parade. It seemed as though the situation was well in hand without his presence.

And the flags appeared first, carried by an honor squad of Jeff Cory's Boy Scouts. Only today, the honor squad was escorted by four big strangers in green uniform who set such an example that for once, Jeff's boys were all in step.

They were followed by the Scout body, then the lodges, all moving quickly, as though prodded by some impatient force behind them. The fifes shrilled "Dixie," the drums punctuating joyously over the steady tramp of many feet.

"Look, Mary," the Mayor shouted. "Will you look at what's coming!"

And the twenty-six Marines drew near, in column of threes to look like more, arms swinging and legs lifting as one. It hadn't started that way. At first they had moved sluggishly, strangers marching together, adjusting gait and stride.

Then had come that invisible inaudible "click" and twenty-six were one; each a part of the whole and the whole inseparable. They all had felt it and Giles had wondered if it would come at all. When it did, he grinned and stopped bellowing cadence. It wasn't needed. The same thing had happened that always seems to happen when Marines march together. That initial uncertainty as they felt each other out, the adjustment to the whole, and then, liking what they found.

I'd damn near forgotten, Giles thought, seeing the grins on the other faces. And I guess they had too.

"Hey, Sarge," the big corporal called, "how're we doin'?"

"Knock off the chatter in ranks," Giles grinned. "It looks like hell. You guys march like land crabs."

They swung past the Mainline Cafe and perhaps the most unforgettable moment of the day came then. At least for a tired, old woman and all of her marching Marines.

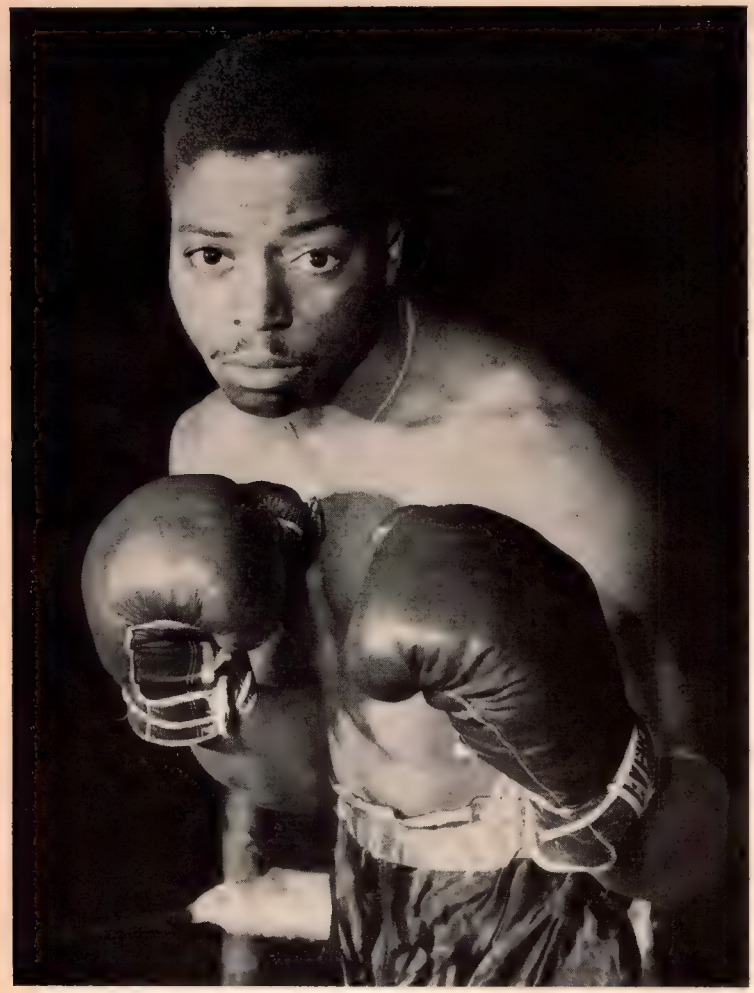
"Eyes left!" Giles shouted. The heads snapped left and each wore a smile for the boy's mother. She could only nod and wave limply but they were satisfied; they saw her eyes and they knew that she was living something very important to her and she would carry it with her for the rest of her life.

Two blocks farther on, Giles felt a plucking at his sleeve and looked down in surprise. "Hello, friend," he grinned at the conductor. "You want something?"

"If you will march your Coxey's Army back to the train soon as possible," the conductor panted, "we'll get started."

"Okay," Giles nodded. "Ten more minutes."

"Make it fifteen," the conductor smiled, moving along at a trot. "I want to run ahead and see the whole parade first." **END**



Richie Hill, fighting out of Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, banged out an All-Marine title before taking All-Service middleweight championship

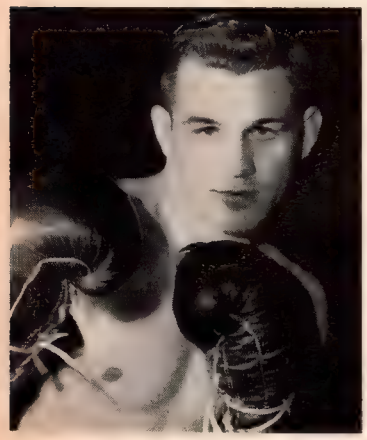
WHEN EL TORO hosted the second annual All-Marine Boxing Championships late in April, 10 kingpins used their gloved fists to carve an equal number of titles from the pugilistic cream of the Corps. A field of 30 contestants, mixed well in Santa Ana's Municipal Bowl, produced one of the most crowd-pleasing sport shows that arena has ever witnessed.

Although heavyweight Aubrey "Bud" House, of Camp Lejeune, returned to defend the All-Marine crown he won in '53, he stepped through the ropes for his elimination bout as an underdog, facing a favored Len Kanthal, of Quantico. Kanthal had gained sizeable notice when he captured the 1954 National Golden Gloves title, but House exhibited small regard for that fact. He retained his All-Marine heavyweight headpiece with a unanimous verdict over Kanthal and a win from El Toro's George Woods in the finals.

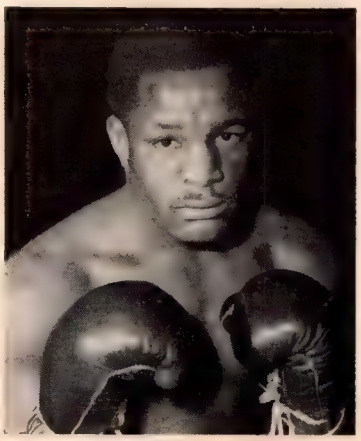
Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Two others from the Lejeune stable —Richie Hill, a middleweight, and Walt Byars, a lightweight—also made repeat showings in retaining their crowns.

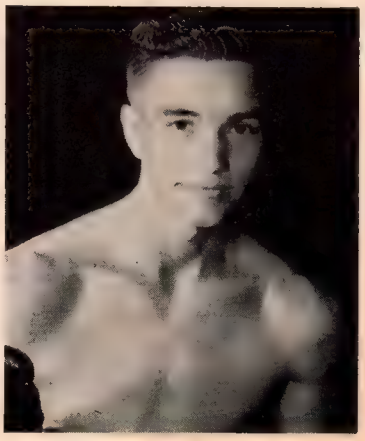
Tuned to a fine physical fashion at the Corps-wide matches, the 10 champs formed the Marine entry in the Inter-Service Championships at San Antonio, Texas, in May.



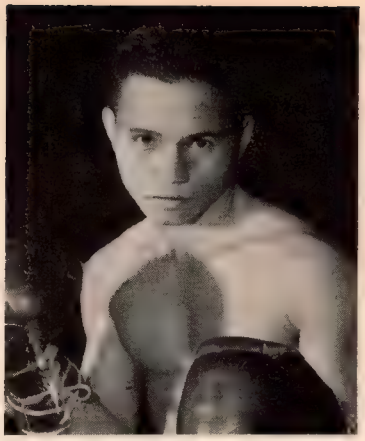
**Bud House**
**Heavyweight, Lejeune**



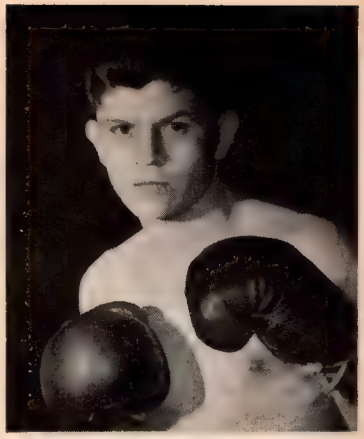
**Jesse Barber**
**Light Heavyweight, Pendleton**



**Sonny Ingram**
**Light Middleweight, Pendleton**

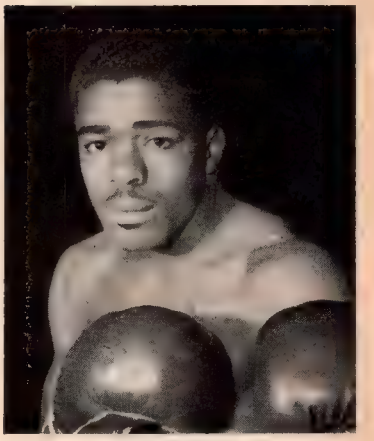


Phil Ortiz
Flyweight, Kaneohe Bay

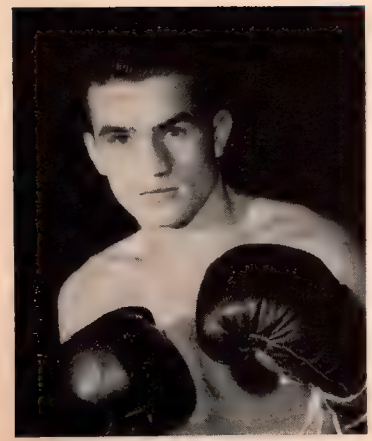


Lindy Burgess
Bantamweight, Pendleton

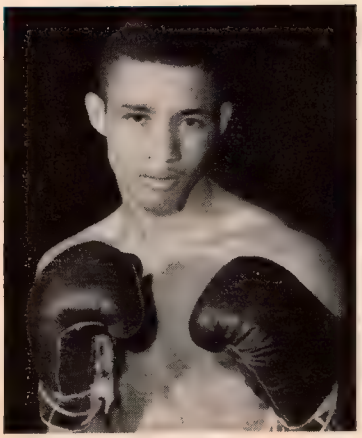
# ALL-MARINE BOXING '54



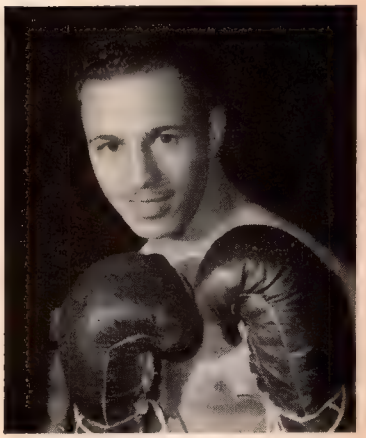
Harold Conklin
Featherweight, Quantico



Wolfgang Fleck
Welterweight, Pendleton

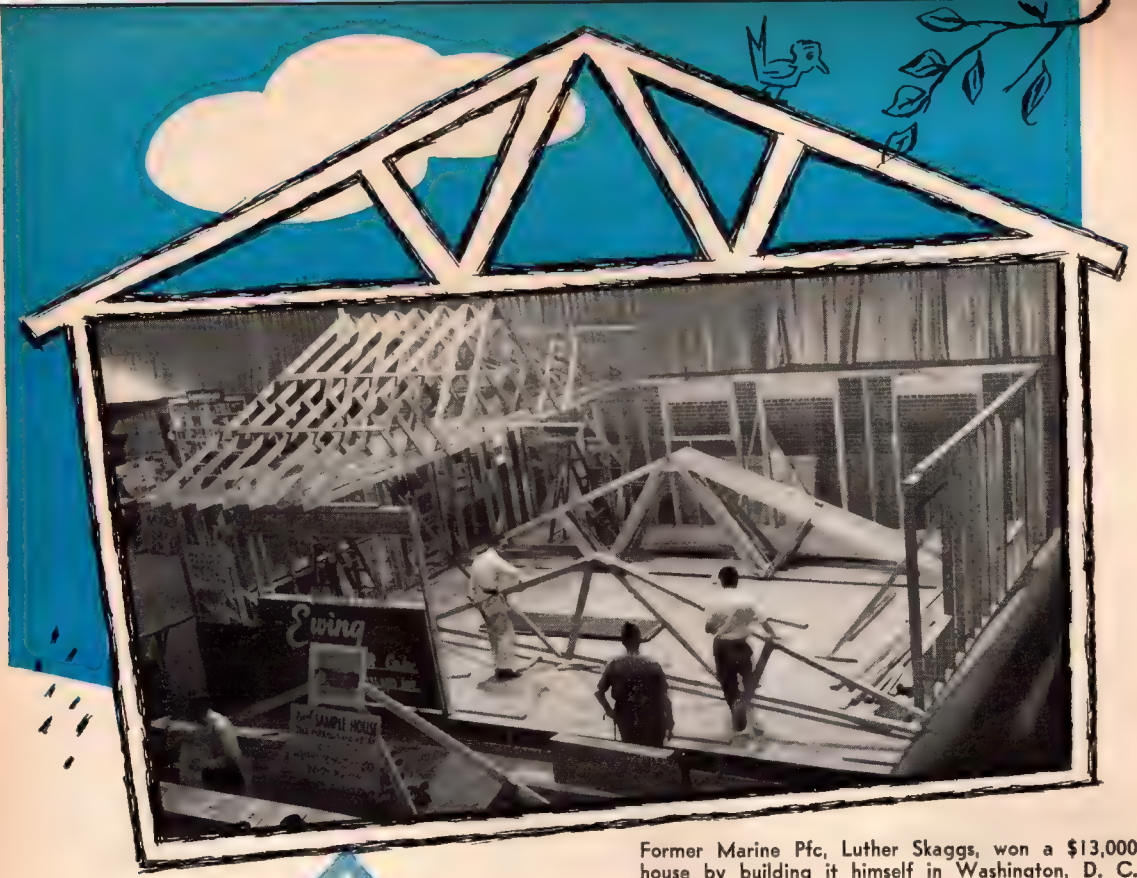


Yancy Horne
Light Welterweight, Lejeune



Walt Byars
Lightweight, Lejeune

END




Former Marine Pfc, Luther Skaggs, won a $13,000 house by building it himself in Washington, D. C.

# HOME FOR A HERO

by SSgt. Jack C. Gross
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
SSgt. Thomas M. Parente, Jr.
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

"HELLO, HONEY. Get a grip on the phone. We've just been given a $13,000 house and lot. FREE! Take the afternoon off and. . . ."

"Luther, I wish you wouldn't fool me like this. You know I'm busy." And like any other hard working wife, Rose Skaggs hung up her phone.

But her husband, Luther Skaggs, Jr., wasn't fooling. In fact, he was just as serious as the day in 1944 when, as a Marine Pfc, he assumed command of a riddled mortar section on a Guam beachhead. After his section's regular chief was killed, Skaggs directed mortar support for the assault, then fought off vicious counterattacks on his section's positions.

Moments after the counterattacks began, an enemy lobbed a hand grenade into Skaggs' foxhole and his left leg was shattered by the explosion. But the determined Pfc applied a quick tourniquet, propped himself up in the foxhole and continued picking off enemy soldiers for eight consecutive hours. When the Japanese were stopped, Skaggs crawled, alone, to the rear area for medical treatment. His left leg had to be amputated.

June 15, 1945, he received the Nation's highest decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Now, nine years later, Mrs. Skaggs smiled as she hung up the phone. Luther was always playing practical jokes, but she had no intentions of falling for a whopper like this one.

The phone rang again. It was Luther: "Rose, you've got to listen . . . I'm not kidding! Someone wants to give us a $13,000 house . . . and a lot to go with it."

This time Rose held on to the phone Luther *was* serious!

That afternoon Rose and Luther went to the office of Colonel Waldron Leonard, Director of Veterans Affairs for the District of Columbia. There they met a committee of prominent Washington citizens who informed Luther he had been chosen as the outstanding veteran in the District—not only on the basis of his Marine Corps combat record, but on his record as

a community citizen as well.

The Skaggses learned that Col. Leonard, known throughout Washington as the "veterans' watchdog," had been approached early in the Spring by managers of a forthcoming home show. They wanted the colonel to appoint a committee who would, in turn, select the outstanding veteran in the District of Columbia. The winner would be offered materials for a three bedroom home and a lot on which to build it, all donated by exhibitors at the home show.

There was only one catch to the offer—Rose and Luther had to agree to build the frame of the house themselves . . . on the floor of Washington's National Guard Armory where the show would be held. The job had to be finished during the show's nine day run from April 24 to May 2.

Luther, who is a budget analyst for the Secretary of Defense at the Pentagon, and Rose, Director of Public Relations and the Policy Service department of a Washington insurance firm, made arrangements for "vacations" from April 24 to May 2 and accepted the home show's offer.

Each morning during the show Rose and Luther left their small efficiency apartment in northwest Washington and drove to the Armory. Luther's artificial left leg and the fact that Rose was a stranger to a hammer proved to be only slight handicaps. Volunteer helpers who came to the home show as visitors, stopped to watch the Skaggses and their homebuilding, and pitched in to help.

Many of the volunteers were veterans themselves. One of these volunteers was retired Marine General Graves B. Erskine, who showed up one afternoon to lend a hand. The general was Luther's commanding officer on Guam in 1944, and is now Assistant to the Secretary of Defense (Special Operations).

Several Washington firms with exhibits at the Armory offered help of another sort. They gave Rose and Luther a new kitchen, complete with cabinets, a double sink, gas refrigerator, stove and hardware.

When May 2 rolled around, Rose and Luther had the frame of their house finished. The house, lot and gifts were theirs . . . more than $13,000 worth!

It all started on Guam in 1944, and ended with a home in Washington. It could only happen in the U. S. A.

**END**

The Medal of Honor hero and his wife, Rose, got a congratulatory handshake from Colonel Waldron Leonard, D. C. veterans' "watchdog"

The Skaggses examine their gleaming new kitchen, typical of the many gifts they received from Washington's generous home show exhibitors

Rose and Luther daydream in front of a neighbor's home. The Skaggs' bungalow will look something like this one

# A MARINE IN Paris

*Cartoons by Robert Vance Bristow, former* Leatherneck *Staff Artist, now in Europe.*

These are the adventures of a Second Divvy Marine on a short tour of Paris from the Riviera, where his A.P.A. is docked. He is not to be confused with the suave, continental embassy Marine.

"Quick! how do you whistle in French?"

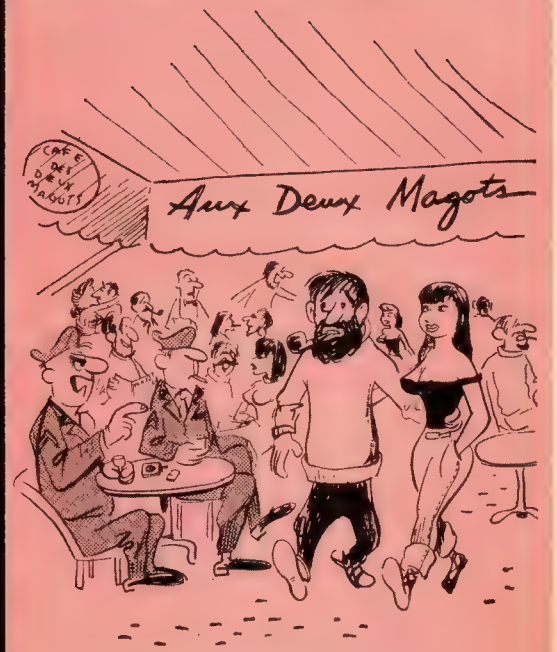
"Well, isn't this a coincidence! Two American soldiers! You are Americans aren't you? How nice. In Paris for the first time and I'll bet you don't know where to go. Well, I'm going to insist you let me show you. After all, Junior here may be drafted soon. He's too young now, only 25, and I'd want somebody to show him around in a big city. First we'll see the Opera—you aren't listening—that's better, then the Archives Nationales, from there to the Place De La Concorde and the Obélisque, then the Lourve, the Pantheon. . . ."

"The latest 'Tupelo Daily Journal', s'il vous plaît."

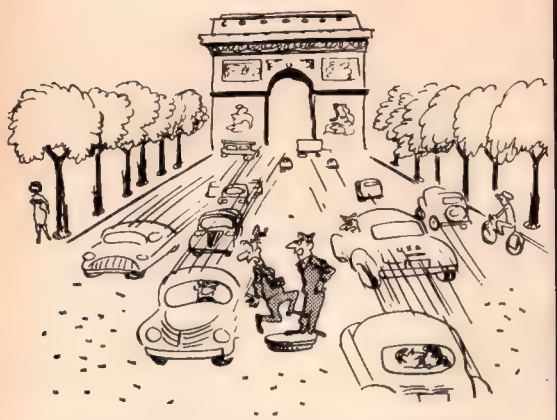
"What's th' matter with you F.M.F. yahoos—ain'tcha ever seen a set of dress blues before?"

"That buddy of mine picks up languages faster than anybody I ever saw."

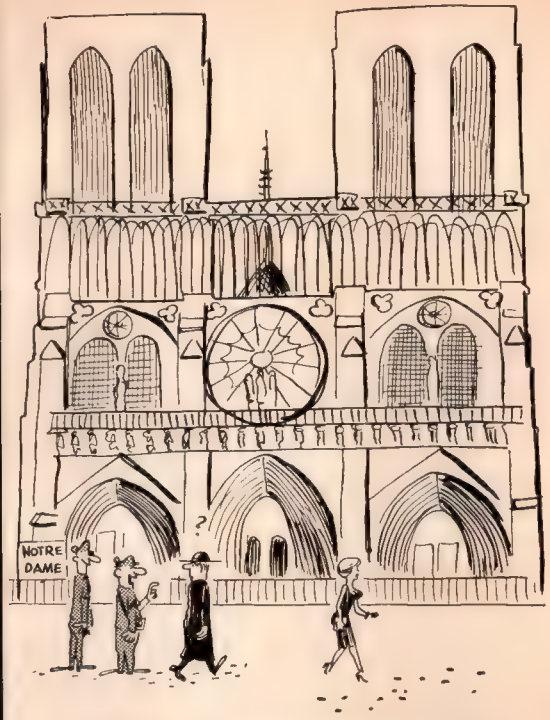
"—and besides that, it loses nothing in translation!"




"Boy, did you shave this morning?"



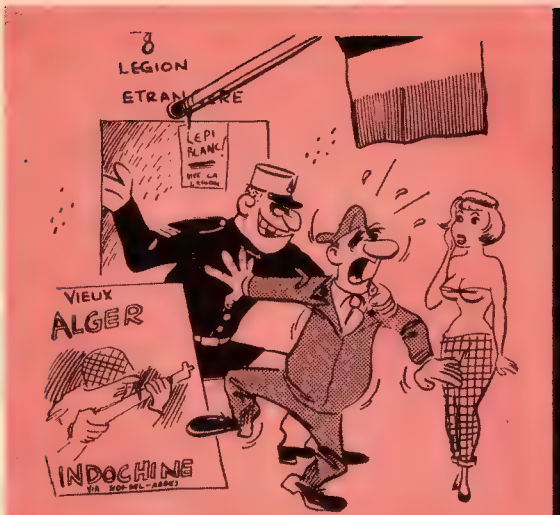
"Now, Hero, do you still feel like the triumphant armies marching down the Champs Elysées?"




"Say, Padre, where does yer football team work out?"

"Don't ask me what it says—you know I can't read French!"

"Okay, Sir Edmund Hillary, if you say so we'll climb it . . . but I still say there's an elevator in the damn thing!"




"But I tell you I don't want a set of dress blues!"

"Don't try that on me, Buster . . . I'm an American art student from Chicago!"

"Now I ask yuh . . . ain't this easier than learning the language?"

"No trouble, Ossifer, he's just a little reluctant about catching the train!"

Munitions used by the Naval Services are stored at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Crane, Indiana.

More than a hundred Marines pull guard duty at Crane. They are responsible for base security

# CRANE, INDIANA

by MSgt. Edward Barnum

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IN 1940 THE NAVY Shore Station Development Board was directed to select a site for an ammunition storage facility for the East Coast, to be located west of the Appalachians. The site selected was near Burns City, Indiana.

The first contingent of engineers arrived in November, 1940, and started the preliminary work. The original area of approximately 35,000 acres was submarginal land acquired by the Navy from the Department of Agriculture. Later the Pearl Harbor attack increased demands on the depot, and it was expanded to a total of 62,773 acres.

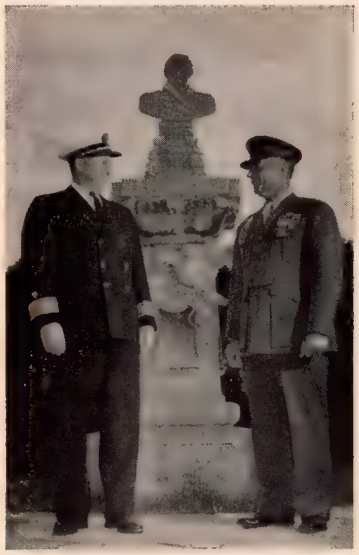
Photos by
Corp. John Sneddon
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Construction proceeded so rapidly that by December 1, 1941, the depot was commissioned and originally named U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot, Burns City. Its name was changed to Crane in 1943 in honor of Commodore William Montgomery Crane, first Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. From the original 12 million dollar investment, the Crane Depot is now worth well over one billion dollars.

During the full production of powder plants and transfer of munitions during World War II and Korea, approximately 10,000 civilians and 1200 enlisted men were required to operate the facility. Today, less than half that number of civilians are employed and fewer than 200 service personnel are aboard. The Marine complement includes 135 enlisted men and five officers. The naval force includes a skeleton force of Navy officers and enlisted men.

The storage of high explosives, incendiaries and bulk powder on the reservation, makes the hazard of fire an important consideration. All buildings, with the exception of a few temporary type structures, are constructed with prefabricated or poured concrete walls and tile-type roofs. The temporary structures are all fireproofed with special material which is used in the construction shingles.

Combat conditioning hasn't been overlooked at NAD, Crane. Indiana's terrain encouraged the construction of four separate training courses



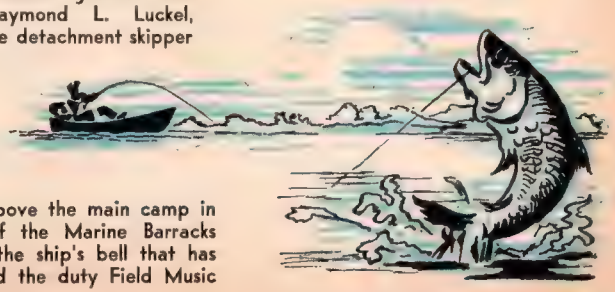
Captain Eugene Rook, USN, Depot commanding officer and Major Raymond L. Luckel, USMC, the detachment skipper

The Marine Barracks, overlooking the other industrial and administration buildings in the main camp, is a two story building containing the detachment offices, four large squad rooms, a spacious mess hall and galley. Directly behind the barracks is another Marine activity, the post gym. The gym is equipped with an excellent basketball court, bowling alleys and handball court. Special Services supplies equipment necessary for other types of athletics.

The Marines maintain the post swimming pool, auditorium, library and post exchange. The auditorium, complete with plush theater seats, also serves as a training film room, and three times a week features current movies for the Marines and their guests.

TURN PAGE

High above the main camp in front of the Marine Barracks stands the ship's bell that has replaced the duty Field Music



The training schedule for the off-duty platoon starts at 0730 every morning. Guard mount goes at 1100

An important phase of the detachment's training is fire fighting. Marines are used in emergencies only

**CRANE, INDIANA (cont.)**

Duty at the Crane Naval Ammunition Depot differs little from the usual type garrison post—day on, day off guard duty with school taking up the off duty hours. The troops receive approximately 28 hours of school per month. At Crane, reveille sounds at 0545, roll call goes at 0600 and chow at 0630. By 0700 field day is being held and at 0730 work call is sounded.

For the off duty platoon the training schedule reads: 0730-0800, troop and stomp; 0800-1045, classes of instruction on Marine Corps subjects; 1100, the men fall out for formal guard mount.

The commanding officer of the barracks, Major Raymond L. Luckel, shifted the usual morning change of the guard to noontime because he feels that a man coming off duty after a night on post, is in no mood—physically nor mentally—for classroom training. By the middle of the day a man is more alert and can concentrate profitably in the classroom.

The old guard assumes the title of "the off duty platoon" after noon chow and they take over the training schedule. Only one hour of actual classroom work is required in the afternoon, but physical training in the form of organized athletics is held from 1400 to 1545. This hour and 45-minutes activity has paid off in trophies for the barracks. The Marines at Crane were tops in basketball in the area for several years, and last year would have placed first again, but transfers and discharges upset their roster of first string players right in the middle of the season.

The wooded, hilly areas on the reservation are ideal for the combat conditioning courses which the Marines have constructed. A complete obstacle course, bayonet course and hand grenade range cover the valley behind the barracks. A special infantry assault course, with bunkers and emplacements, has been constructed for defensive and offensive training.

At least twice a year the barracks detachment makes a tour of the fence lines surrounding the reservation, inspecting the fences for breaks and wear. Heretofore, the inspection was made during the daytime, with the men being trucked out to the starting point and picked up at a predesignated spot. This year, Major Luckel intends to use this inspection trip in his training syllabus, bivouacking at night instead of returning to the barracks.

The job of patrolling the 100-odd square miles of rugged terrain does not fall on the detachment personnel. Civilian depot police patrol the areas in radio equipped pick-up trucks. Major Luckel, the security officer for the post, is the supervisor of this operation. The Marines, however, are responsible for the security of the four gates on the depot and the railroad station and dam which controls the 6000-acre lake, supplying all the water needs of the depot.

NAD, Crane, boasted one of the last mounted detachments in the Corps. Early in 1942 it was decided to use horses to patrol the vast acreage, and until 1945 the mounted Marines patrolled from 250 to 300 square miles a day. After the war it was decided, for economy and personnel reasons, to revert to vehicular patrols. Until a re-

The Marines at the Crane Depot qualify each year with the M-1, BAR, Carbine, .45 caliber pistol, riot gun and .30 caliber machine gun on the small, but well-equipped five-target rifle and auxiliary ranges

cent change when the civilian police took over the job, the Marines had the roving motor patrol detail.

Because of the security involved with the munitions assembled at the depot, the civilian workers are carefully screened when they enter or leave the reservation. All personnel, including the Marines, must wear identification badges at all times.

The 0730 to 1600 working day at Crane is somewhat unusual. When the Navy established the facility it was discovered that many of the local employees had small farms in the community and for many years the industrial hours in Southern Indiana had been set to enable the Hoosiers to work their fields a few hours every day. The Marines at the depot have no objections; liberty goes a half hour earlier than at regular stations.

Liberty at Crane presents a problem. Bedford, Indiana, can be considered a "liberty town" but it's more than 25 miles away. Bloomington, Indiana, is still further. Liberty buses are provided for the troops but the majority have their own transportation.

Many Marines stationed at the depot are natives of the surrounding area, and can easily make it home on a week end. The men who are not so fortunate soon get acquainted in the smaller communities which surround the reservation. The marriage rate among men arriving in the area would indicate that the young ladies in the Hoosier State have no objections to Marine escorts—and eventually, Marine husbands.

The Enlisted Men's Club, jointly sponsored and run by Navy and Marine personnel, is open six nights a week and has frequently scheduled dances. The Marines and sailors are invited to bring guests on the post and the guests are not restricted to special events. Almost every night, you can find the Marines and their wives or girl friends on hand for jukebox dancing and refreshments. Decorations in the club include a mural of *Leatherneck Magazine* cartoons, copied by a local Marine artist on duty at the depot.

Undoubtedly the number one recreation activity at the Post is fishing. The 6000-acre lake abounds with pan-size bass and crappie. The fishing is restricted to service personnel and members of the civilian conservation club composed of employees at the depot. At the present time there are no restrictions on seasons or bag limit on the lake.

The Marine Detachment also maintains the boat house and docks where four 12-foot boats are kept. Special Services has provided outboard motors for the craft, and the motors can be checked out from the Marine Officer of the Day. A picnic area, boasting the only outdoor fire pit on the reservation, is available to the Marines and their families or guests. If the picnic party wants to use the barbecue pit, prior arrangements must be made with the Depot Fire Department and several pieces of fire fighting gear are supplied, in case the fire gets out of hand. In inclement weather, cooking facilities are available inside the boathouse.

The Marines at Crane go all out for the organized athletics program. Every man spends six hours a week in the gym

The housing facility for married personnel is one of the outstanding features of duty at the Crane post. Quarters are available immediately when you report in—both low cost and FHA sponsored. At the present time more than a hundred units are vacant and ready for occupancy. The Marine Detachment has on hand assorted pieces of furniture which can be checked out for use in the homes. Marine families accustomed to the high cost of living at most service establishments would be pleasantly surprised at their low expenses at Crane. For example, a dozen eggs retail in civilian stores for 29 cents. A commissary on the reservation handles items which cannot be obtained locally. Grade school children

TURN PAGE

Motorists are warned when entering the Crane Depot to be on the alert for the herd of 2000 deer roaming the 63,000-acre preserve

With a 6000-acre lake on the reservation, the number one sport is fishing. Four boats with outboards are supplied by Special Services

**CRANE, INDIANA (cont.)**

attend a new, modern school located in the housing project, Crane Village. High school students ride busses to nearby towns.

There are only two master sergeants among the 135 Marines on the post. One, Master Sergeant George S. Doore, is carried administratively with the detachment, but is assigned duties with the Bureau of Ordnance. MSgt. Doore also serves as the Depot Game Warden.

The number one six striper at the depot is Barracks Sergeant Major Stanley A. Goff. With 23 years in the Corps, MSgt. Goff was eligible for release in 1952 but, in view of the Korean conflict, he remained on active duty. He has been at Crane for the past year and a half and, at the end of this month, he plans to join the Fleet Reserve. A native of Southern Indiana and Illinois, Goff will settle down within 10 miles of the post on an eight-acre tract and enjoy his well earned second retirement.

The sergeant major isn't the only "Old Corps Marine" in the organization. Major Luckel, the Skipper, only has four to go on 30. After 12 years as an enlisted man, the major accepted an appointment as a Marine Gunner in December, 1941. He served with the Fourth Raider Battalion and won the Silver Star on New Georgia, and the Legion of Merit in Korea.

Another "short timer" in the Corps is Captain Charles H. Glassett, Jr., the Supply Officer for the detachment. Capt. Glassett entered the Corps in 1928 and holds a permanent warrant as master sergeant. The captain's supply storerooms in a converted attic are the pride of the station. All material which cannot be used currently in the clothing issue room, the material issue section or the post armory, is kept in the attic. The usual cobwebbed, dusty rafters have been converted into neat and efficient dust proof storage bins. A deck was laid between the bins and the heavy battleship linoleum shines brilliantly from frequent buffings.

The Marine officer attached to the Bureau of Ordnance at the depot is Chief Warrant Officer Gail E. Anderson. The Gunner first enlisted in the Corps in 1936. He accepted Warrant for the second time in 1947 after a short return to the enlisted ranks in 1946.

Captain Joe B. Crownover, Executive Officer of the detachment, graduated from Texas A&M, received his commission and shipped overseas for the Iwo campaign—all in the space of a few months. As the Exec at Crane, Capt. Crownover serves as Legal Advisor to Major Luckel.

The junior officer aboard, Second Lieutenant Philip D. Summer, Jr., received his commission through the 25th Senior Basic Course at Quantico. As per tradition, he has received an assignment to all the additional jobs which arise around a garrison. From his number one position as guard officer, his duties range from exchange officer to defense counsel on courts-martial.

Personnel on recruiting duty and Inspector-Instructor staffs in the surrounding area are assigned temporary duty at Crane for the purpose of firing the range. The rifle range, a pet project of Major Luckel, is small—only five targets, but it approaches perfection in every detail. In addition, the Depot has built a machine gun, pistol and skeet range.

The detachment personnel fire the range at least once a year and qualify with the M-1, Carbine, .45 pistol, BAR, riot gun and .30 caliber machine gun. New men reporting in are immediately checked out and qualified with the .45 and riot gun. The weapons training includes one week familiarization, one week snapping-in and the third week on the firing line.

The Marine Barracks at Crane has duties other than its primary mission of security for the depot. The unit acts as a separation center for personnel who live in the nearby areas. During the last fiscal year personnel who were returning from Korea with a short time to serve were assigned duty at Crane until their discharge time came up. During those 12 months a 400 percent turnover was experienced by the small organization.

Technical Sergeant Lonnie W. Anderson holds down the mess sergeant's job at the Crane installation. His galley feeds all the Marines and naval personnel on the station, including the officers. Evidence of the quality of the chow served family style at the barracks is found in the fact that most men gain weight when they arrive at the station, and you can't find an underweight Marine or sailor on the post.

When a man reports into the Naval Ammunition Depot, Crane, Indiana, he will find a "tight ship." A place for everything and everything in its place. Crane is spit and polish garrison type duty. If you've got orders transferring you to Crane, Indiana, you'll find that the duty is good, the chow excellent. Liberty may fall short at first, but there's plenty of outdoor life to take your mind off the bright lights. **END**

Sergeant Major Stanley Goff is the top enlisted man on the station. His plans are to join the Fleet Reserve this month.

# BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

PRISONER OF WAR CLAIMS EXTENDED . . . Public Law 303, 82nd Congress, has been amended by House Bill H.R. 6896 . . . now known as Public Law 359.

Public Law 303 was an amendment to the War Claims Act of 1948 and provided compensation at the rate of $1.50 a day for each day members of the armed forces of the United States were subjected to forced labor and/or inhumane treatment during World War II.

The deadline for filing certain prisoner of war claims has been extended to August 1, 1954. The enactment of Public Law 359 does not create new benefits but merely enables every eligible claimant or survivor who failed to file within the time stipulated in Public Law 303, to now exercise his rights under the law.

NEW DINNERWARE . . . The Commandant of the Marine Corps recently announced that a new type of plastic dinnerware will be substituted for the old style chinaware that has been in use in Marine Corps mess halls.

Parris Island, San Diego, Camp Pendleton, Camp Lejeune and Marine Corps Schools, Quantico will not make the changeover until the present stock of Marine Corps chinaware is exhausted.

PRIVATE TO PRIVATE FIRST CLASS . . . Marine Corps General Order No. 153 dated 7 May 1954 states the requirements for promotion from Private to Private First Class of Marine Corps personnel and Marine Corps Reservists on extended active duty.

The order indicated that privates are required to serve six months in grade prior to becoming eligible for promotion. Personnel reduced to private by punitive action will be required to serve a period of six months from date of reduction before again becoming eligible for promotion.

INCREASE IN ALLOWANCE AND REDUCTION IN COST . . . Headquarters Marine Corps announced that, effective 1 July, the Standard Maintenance Allowance (Clothing Allowance) will be $6.00 instead of the present $5.40 per month.

The Standard Cash Maintenance Allowance is authorized enlisted personnel after they have completed three years active duty subsequent to the date of the last authorized initial clothing allowance. Personnel with less than three years active duty are under the Basic Allowance which will remain at $4.20. The allowance for Women Marines will remain the same.

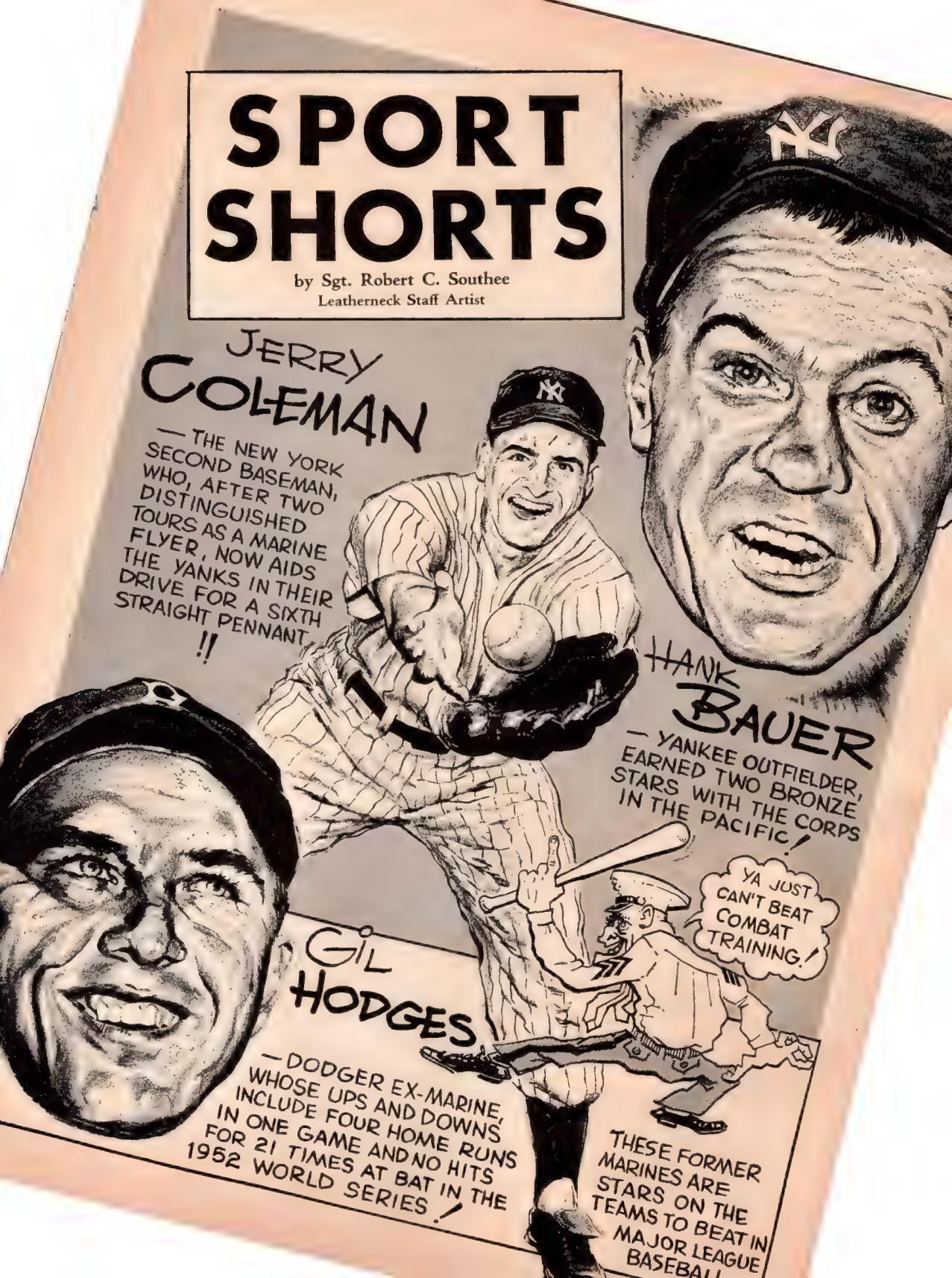
In addition, the Supply Branch announced that a reduction in price of some items carried by the Quartermaster will also go into effect on 1 July. Some examples of the reductions include:

Coat, wool, green—$20.00 reduced to $15.90
Jacket, wool, green—$18.00 reduced to $12.60
Trousers, wool, green—$9.80 reduced to $7.80
Shirts, tropical—$5.00 reduced to $4.05
Shoes, low quarter—$5.20 reduced to $4.80

END

# SPORT SHORTS

by Sgt. Robert C. Southee
Leatherneck Staff Artist


JERRY COLEMAN
— THE NEW YORK SECOND BASEMAN, WHO, AFTER TWO DISTINGUISHED TOURS AS A MARINE FLYER, NOW AIDS THE YANKS IN THEIR DRIVE FOR A SIXTH STRAIGHT PENNANT !!
HANK BAUER
— YANKEE OUTFIELDER, EARNED TWO BRONZE STARS WITH THE CORPS IN THE PACIFIC!
YA JUST CAN'T BEAT COMBAT TRAINING!
GIL HODGES
— DODGER EX-MARINE, WHOSE UPS AND DOWNS INCLUDE FOUR HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME AND NO HITS FOR 21 TIMES AT BAT IN THE 1952 WORLD SERIES!
THESE FORMER MARINES ARE STARS ON THE TEAMS TO BEAT IN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

# CLAIM YOUR BOND!

Headquarters Marine Corps is holding more than $200,000 worth of unclaimed Savings, Defense and War Bonds. If your name is listed below, claim your bond by writing to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Code CDC, Savings Unit, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D.C. Include your name, current address, serial number and signature.

ALLEN, Buford R. 1243533
AMMANN, William C. 981101
ANSLEY, Willie J. 1280015
ASBURY, Elmer L. 1195270
AUSTIN, Clyde E. 618450
BAUER, Ernest H. Jr. 331318
BECKER, Eugene P. Jr. 1160478
BELL, Sidney B. 1295873
BENNETT, Walter A. 636378
BERRY, Harriet E. 773359
BETROSIAN, Saznek 1212797
BIRDSONG, Nilen E. 1099456
BORING, John R. 1090763
BOURNE, Charles W. 1192594
BOYLAN, John J. 855428
BRANCH, Kenneth E. 1221232
BRANNAN, Edward 337737
BREWER, Rudolph C. 1323507
BRITT, James R. 1210835
BROOKS, Stephen L. 281558
BROWN, Don A. 1100263
BROWN, Kenneth L. 1240709
BROWN, William F. 557970
BRYANT, George 381937
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BURRELL, Joseph W. 1102612
BUSHONG, James E. 657535
CAMPBELL, Oscar E. 1102780
CARLISLE, Roy 471818
CARROLL, Thomas M. 884460
CARVER, Kingsland R. 663644
CASTRO, Joseph L. 1057895
CHAFFIN, Alan T. 522306
CHANEY, Edward H. 1172294
CHAVEZ, Manuel G. 1126894
CHRISTANKO, Peter 273372
CLARK, Lawrence H. 934345
CLARKE, Norma 703360
COLE, Kenneth G. 850244
COLLINS, James W. 906357
COMBEST, Russell 335566
COOK, Howard E. 1115495
COPES, Stephen 1086605
CORRIGAN, William M. 658311
COVIELLO, Michael 385933
COYLE, James A. 388580
CROWLEY, Robert F. 1083035
CUMMINGS, Thomas G. Jr. 1158575
DARRAH, James E. 1098480
DAVIS, Billy L. 1070897
DEAN, Cleo L. 302962
DEITCH, Louis 451829
DELIMATER, Edward C. Jr. 610971
DENNIS, Billy W. 642422
DESANTIS, Elio L. 1160651
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DILLMAN, Frank Jr. 842059
DONOVAN, Stephen J. 564319
DOUGHERTY, Alfred J. Jr. 1217330
DUNLAP, Jerry P. 641123
DVALLE, Pauline G. 775288
EBERT, Allen R. 1116123
EDWARDS, Claude G. 658082
ELKINS, James W. 1049845
ELLIS, Jack E. 1083047
ENDICOTT, Goodwin P. 237689
ETHERTON, Homer G. 444468
EVERITT, Mary R. 704298
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FEELEY, Francis G. 1169528
FIDGEON, Arthur J. Jr. 622806
FISHER, Sidney T. Jr. 1083918
FITZGERALD, W. M. Jr. 1151916
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FOSTER, Thomas Jr. 964134
FRANCK, Joseph E. 566405
FREDERICK, Gilbert O. 1186256
FREITAS, John P. 1059882
FRYMIRE, Lorna B. 763276
FURTADO, Anthony M. Jr. 1032955
GARDNER, Morris 573141
GATES, Arthur L. 818286
GELAL, Samuel R. 1094467
GILLISPIE, Delbert F. 1190689
GLAVIN, Donald G. 1093179
GOFF, Wesley R. 654562
GOODE, David F. 1120747
GOTT, Michael J. 1160119
GRAY, Curtis W. 652417
GREENE, George M. Jr. 1267194
GRIFFITH, Norman H. 1228809
GRZYBOWSKI, Michael W. 1123849
HAIRSTON, Freddie B. 1014467
HALL, Daniel A. 833627
HALSTEAD, Duane K. 1116453
HAMILTON, Edmund Jr. 616371
HANGER, George A. 978198
HANSEN, Adolph P. 421817
HARDY, Henry C. 1078632
HARRIES, Galen D. 1191574
HART, Herbert E. Jr. 647650
HASKELL, Martin J. 529170
HAWK, Clarence E. 458192
HAYES, Frederick C. 402877
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HEMPHILL, Howard W. 268111
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HEROLD, Jack E. 664516
HICKS, Harry F. 303172
HILL, Harry J. 1298312
HINDMAN, George H. 667594
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HOGUE, Orvelle S. 1090675
HOLLEY, Johnnie L. 1307616
HOOPER, Robert D. 870920
HOWARD, Charles B. 1123192
HOZEY, James S. 409636
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HUNT, Joseph L. 647744
HUTCHISON, Joseph E. 284512
ISAACS, Charles S. 1123522
JACKSON, Paul W. 1221556
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JENSEN, Roy 632640
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JOHNSON, James C. 635714
JOHNSON, Robert J. Jr. 1201302
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JORDAN, Dan E. 835840
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KISTLER, Frederick C. 629644
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LANE, Lewis E. 650981
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LINEHAN, Francis G. 1085733
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LOVEJOY, Harry L. 552975
LUNT, Earl H. 1132678
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MARTIN, Regis A. 1204453
MARTINI, Rinaldo 306732
MASSEY, Bobby G. 1334043
MATTHEWS, Robert Jr. 607134
MAYER, Archie L. 321576
MC BEE, Ralph E. 1098259
MC CLURE, Harry J. 449406
MC CRACKEN, Joseph W. 381872
MC DONALD, Walter R. 580959
MC FARLANE, John D. Jr. 647674
MC INTOSH, Raiford H. 870649
MC KINNEY, Donald E. 624905
MC MANN, Francis L. 639358
MC NABB, Kenneth F. 666154
MEADE, Charles L. 650656
MEDINA, Antonio 1090784
MELCHER, Lloyd J. 941938
MERCER, Robert D. 1151555
MIHOCZA, Frank G. 1082568
MILLER, Charles R. 1247236
MILLER, Robert 244478
MILLS, Harold J. 845105
MITCHELL, Joseph M. 1063385
MOLINO, Dante S. 1071088
MONTAGUE, Vincent W. 1090144
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MOORE, Theodore J. 1205760
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RIPPEN, Irving 579795
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ROSS, Charles E. 657607
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VEDROS, Alexander N. 625984
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VONSEGGERN, James F. 645033
WAFFORD, Edward E. 658817
WALDROP, Leon C. 667621

END

# we the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

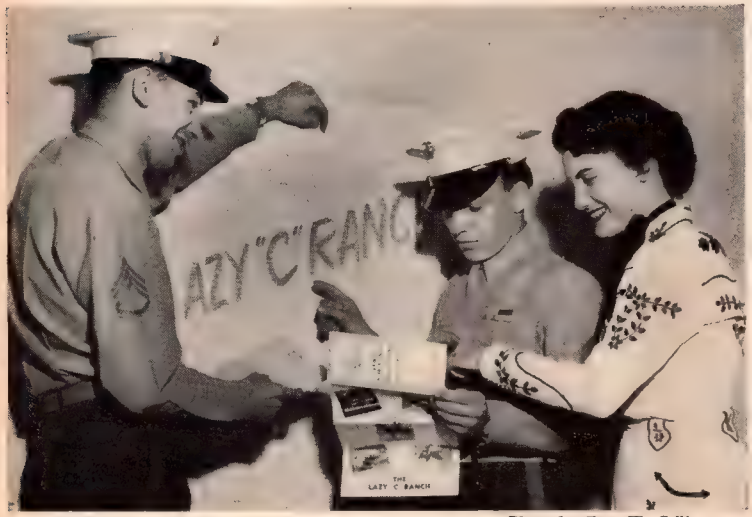



*Photo by Tom W. Collins*

Pretty Paula Lane of Cleburne, Texas, helps SSgts. R. Hansen and Henry Page, Texas landowners, find their bit of the Lone Star State

## Texas Landowners

It has been said that the proudest people on earth are Marines—and Texas landowners. Several months ago, 12 Marines of the Dallas Recruiting Station became Texas landowners. Each has a two-square-inch tract of land on the Lazy C Ranch, Sugarland, Texas, in the heart of rich oil and pasture land.

The "big" Texas land deal is a project of Texas industrialist Ben Jack Cage, Lazy C owner, who staked off an acre of the ranch—3,136,320 two-square-inch plots—to sell to anyone who wants to brag about owning a hunk of Texas. General warranty deeds to the two-square-inch tracts went on sale recently for 75 cents each. They are legal deeds and can be registered. At the six bits price tag, the acre is worth $2,352,240.—making it just about the richest acre in the world. The new Marine landowners hail from all parts of the United States. But, pardner, when you mention Texas, smile . . . they own part of it.

SSgt. H. Page, MCRS,
Dallas, Texas

## Globe Trotting Marine

Until March, 1952, Dan Miller was strictly a Stateside traveler. Then he started seeing the world as a Marine Combat Correspondent.

In 24 months Miller has journeyed about 24,000 miles—all on routine maneuvers. He's had dinner at Maxim's, Parisian mecca of bon vivants and perhaps the world's most famous restaurant; he swam in the Virgin Isle Hotel's oyster-shaped pool, jutting from the Charlotte Amalie cliffs high above the Caribbean; he sat next to Orson Welles during the International Film Festival at Cannes, and then bumped into ex-King Farouk of Egypt in the azure Riviera water soon after; he lived in a tent at below zero temperatures only eight degrees from the Arctic Circle.

It has not all been play. Miller has made tough combat-style landings on

*Official USMC Photo*

Dan Miller traveled an average of 1000 miles a month gathering news stories which appeared in papers from Athens to Algiers

four continents. His job as a Marine Correspondent involved doing everything the infantry troops do, and more. Every place he visited, Dan wrote stories for release to local and U. S. newspapers, describing operations, and helping build good will for the Marines by pointing out the reasons for their presence and for the maneuvers.

How well Miller did his job may be gauged from the fact that foreign papers translated his stories on the NATO maneuvers into six languages. Two years and 24,000 miles back Dan was a 22-year old journalism major from the University of Iowa. He was employed by the Washington, D. C., *Times-Herald* prior to his entry into the Marine Corps.

His first taste of foreign travel came in October, 1952, when he went with a reinforced infantry battalion on a special cold-weather maneuver in Labrador. That was when he lived in an ice-bound tent, safely encased in the new experimental gear now issued to all Marines in exceedingly cold climates. In January, 1953, Miller sailed for the Mediterranean with the 2nd Battalion, Eighth Marines. His unit visited Algeria, Greece, Sicily, France, Cyprus, Gibraltar, Italy, Sardinia and Spain. They were away from the U. S. for five months and made five full-scale combat landings, climaxed by a six-nation operation at Peloponnesus.

Dan's next cruise was from September to November, 1953. He went to Vieques, P. R., as a correspondent attached to the Eighth Marine Regiment, for a large-scale amphibious maneuver in the Caribbean. During this trip, he was able to spend week end liberties in Charlotte Amalie, beautiful St. Thomas, Virgin Island, and in San Juan, Puerto Rico, oldest town under the American flag.

*Photo by The Chicago Tribune*

Three-year-old Deborah Massa, leukemia victim, receives gifts from Marine blood donors; W. Tama, B. Bible, D. Rose and N. Mount

To fill in his spare time, Dan writes stories on public relations. Several of his articles have appeared in national publications. After his discharge, Miller plans to do public relations work in New York City.

He feels, of course, that his 1000-miles-a-month military career all points to one thing: "Young man, if you want to see the world, join the Marines!"

D. McCullough,
Camp Lejeune

## New Cook Book

"Platter Parade," an unusual new cookbook featuring 700 recipes gathered from all parts of the world, went on sale at Camp Lejeune recently.

The 300-page book, sponsored by the Officers' Wives Club of Camp Lejeune, is a collection of domestic and foreign recipes submitted by Marine personnel and their dependents.

One of the highlights of the book, the foreign section, lists many of the unique and exotic dishes that Marines have discovered in their travels around the world.

"Platter Parade," which sells for $2.00, postage prepaid, can be ordered from Mrs. C. J. Irwin, MOQ 2222, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Checks or money orders should be made pay-

**TURN PAGE**

*Official USMC Photo*

Marilyn Fox, "Sangley Point Sweetheart" has no difficulty in leading the FMF, Pac., Drum and Bugle team at Pearl Harbor

able to the Treasurer, Officers' Wives Club. The proceeds from the new book will be used to purchase playground equipment for Camp schools.

## Pert Photographer

When a shortage of personnel arose in the Camp Lejeune Photographic Lab last Fall, *Globe* reporters who called for a photographer were a little surprised to find a pert, blond, Woman Marine waiting for them with a Speed Graphic camera.

The blond, Pfc Jean Artman of Los Angeles, Calif., was a photographer and she had credentials to prove it. Not only that, she started photographic work at the age of 10 with an inexpensive box camera. Her first subject was a neighbor's mongrel dog. In high school where photography was an extra-curricular activity, she studied color technique and combined it with a three-year commercial art course.

When her family moved to Los Angeles in 1948, Jean, little realizing that photography could be more than a hobby for her, went to work in a bank.

It was her brother, John Artman, a Marine stationed at Camp Pendleton, who talked Jean into enlisting in the Marine Corps in 1952. She left the West Coast for Parris Island, and after boot camp training was astonished to find herself assigned to the field of photography.

Jean reported to the Camp Lejeune Photographic Lab in November, 1952. Since that time, she has developed films, printed them and also made identification cards. As male personnel were discharged, Jean emerged from the darkroom into the job of news photographer.

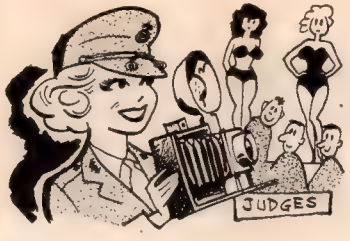
She says her biggest assignment of the year was the beauty contest at Wilmington, N. C., where she photographed lovelies chosen to reign in the Azalea Festival.

*Official USMC Photo*

Bobette Lloyd, Barbara Thompson and Anita Baxter vied for beauty title, "Marine Desert Queen." Miss Thompson was first place winner

*Official USMC Photo*

TSgt. F. Ulman studies six-foot two-inch rattlesnake charmed by Lieut. L. Hardt. MSgt. A. Faby fired two slugs in snake's head




Although she plans to enter nursing following her discharge, it's a safe bet that this "shutterbug" will never desert the photo fold.

Corp. Becky Carper,
Camp Lejeune

## Snake Charmer

The experience he gained from charming snakes in Texas during his boyhood recently paid off for Second Lieutenant Lloyd E. Hardt. While taking part in Operation LANTAGLEX, the lieutenant almost stepped on a six-foot, two-inch rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike.

Hardt's first impulse was to take off, but experience told him not to move. As the lieutenant and the rattler squared off in a staring match, the officer's companion covered a lot of ground searching for Master Sergeant A. W. Faby, the only man in the unit who was carrying live ammunition. Faby's arrival and two well-aimed slugs ended the snake's part in the contest.

Lieutenant Hardt, a native of Hondo,

Texas, says he has met and killed 15 or 20 snakes in his time. But he had to admit, "This one had me a little shook."

Master Sergeant Faby's experience with snakes dates back to 1932, at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where he claims to have "bludgeoned to death an 18 and one-half foot boa constrictor with a sapling."

Pfc E. Dansker,
Camp Lejeune

## Little White 'Coon

Many moons ago when Little White 'Coon lived on the reservation with her parents, she little dreamed that one day she would leave the life of a Kiowa Indian and become part of a bigger tribe.

Today she lives on a larger reservation and, having traded her silver Indian jewelry for a globe and anchor, she is now officially known as Pfc Hazel Tsalote, U. S. Marine Corps.

The dark-haired, dark-eyed Woman Marine is presently working as cashier for the Camp Lejeune Hostess House at Hadnot Point.

Prior to Hazel's enlistment last September, she was a student at the Riverside Indian School near Anadarko, Okla.

Another member of the Camp Lejeune Women Marine Company who boasts a background of drums, beads and legends is Pfc Agnes Peters, a Sioux Indian. She doesn't recall her rightful Indian name, but her tastes run along the lines of hominy, pone and jerky. Her first bedtime stories were tales woven by her grandmother, a German who was captured by the Sioux when still a child. She married a brave and lived a happy Indian life.

Agnes recalls how her grandfather used to carve wooden animals, make drums or shape arrows from sharp stones. Her grandmother was skillful at the art of weaving blankets, sewing moccasins or making colorful dolls from cobs and carvings.

After her arrival at Lejeune a few months ago, Agnes acquired the nickname of "Pocahontas."

Little White 'Coon and Pocahontas like to hold pow-wows about their pre-military life, and they always have an interested audience.

Corp. Becky Carper,
Camp Lejeune

END

# Crazy Captions

## APRIL CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

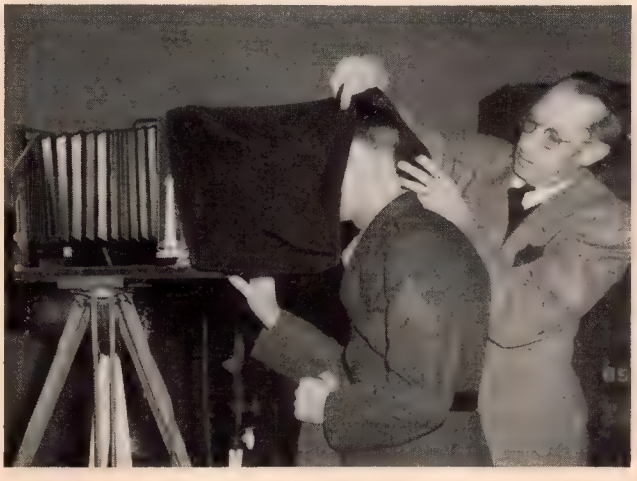
"I'll be home at five, dear. Try to have dinner ready."

Submitted by
Pfc Donald L. Teague, USMC
Third MAW, MCAS,
Miami, Florida

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay $25 for the craziest caption received before September 1, 1954. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture below, print it on the line under the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the October issue.



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NAME.....

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

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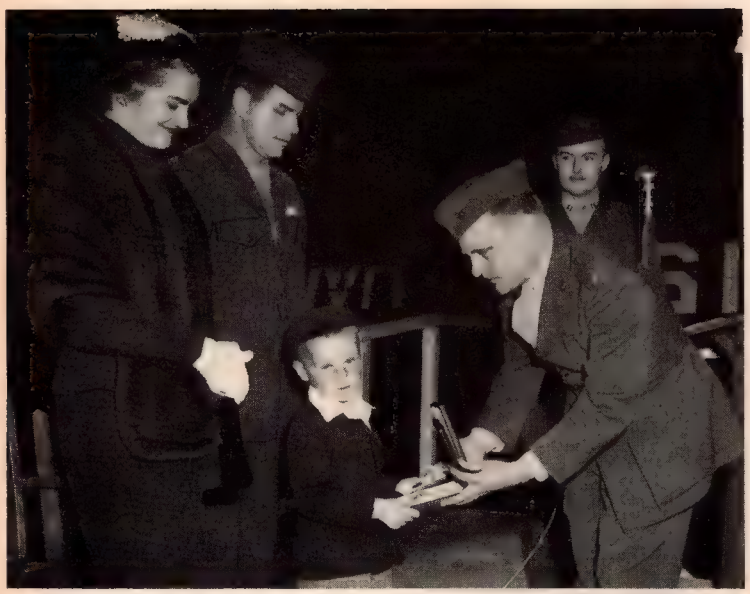
Edited by Sgt. Hazel D. Calden

# IN RESERVE



*Official USN Photo*

Mrs. Mary E. Thomas saw her son, Jeff, accept the DFC awarded posthumously to his dad, Capt. R. T. Thomas, at South Weymouth

## Double Award

Five-year-old Jeffrey Thomas got quite a thrill recently when 300 Marine Reservists stood at attention as he solemnly accepted a Distinguished Flying Cross and an Air Medal which were awarded posthumously to his father, the late Captain Ralph T. Thomas, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve.

The awards were given to the boy at the Naval Air Station, South Weymouth, Mass., by Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. McGee. Col. McGee, Commanding Officer of Marine Air Reserve Fighter Squadron 332, was Capt. Thomas' CO when the captain was killed in Korea in September of 1951 while on a close air support mission.

Surviving members of the squadron, many of whom were standing in the ranks during this ceremony, have started a trust fund for the education of the children of pilots killed in action.

PIO, MARTD, MAR
NAS, South Weymouth

## Future Recruiting

With a sly glance toward possible recruiting in the 1960s the Women Marines of the Women Supply Platoon, 2nd Depot Supply Battalion, Philadelphia, recently hosted a group of local Girl Scouts and Brownies. Despite a decided interest in the Corps no enlistments were taken at that time; none of the applicants could meet the minimum age requirements.

4th District PIO

## Queen Shenandoah XXVII

The Director of the Fifth MCRRD, Colonel John R. Lanigan, and Mrs. Lanigan, served as judges recently at the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival, held in Winchester, Va. Their choice for the title of "Queen Shenandoah XXVII" was lovely Patricia Ann Priest, daughter of U. S. Treasurer, Ivy Baker Priest.

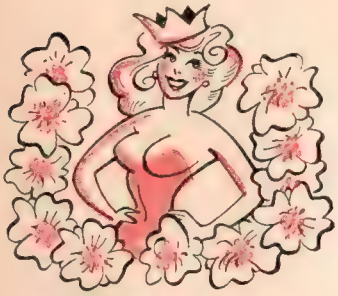
The Queen was crowned by Secretary of Defense, Charles E. Wilson. Lieu-

*Photo by Sgt. Henry R. Head, Sr.*

Pfc John Fuchs squares away Vickie Harwicker's M-1 at the Philadelphia Naval Base. Girls were Woman Sup. Plt. guests

tenant General Clifton B. Cates, Commandant of Marine Corps Schools, acted as "Minister of State" for the coronation. Other celebrities present were Governor T. B. Stanley, of Virginia; Dain Domich, president of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce; and columnist Ed Sullivan.

5th District PIO



### President's Nephew

Eighteen-year-old Michael D. Gill, nephew of President and Mrs. Eisenhower, was recently sworn into the Marine Corps Reserve as a private, by Major Harry E. Wheeler, Executive Officer of the 13th Infantry Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve Unit of Washington, D. C.

President Eisenhower is not the only distinguished ex-army officer in Pvt. Gill's family. He is the son of Brigadier General and Mrs. George C. Moore, USA, (ret.). Pvt. Gill's mother, the former Frances Doud, is a sister of the President's wife.

5th District PIO

*Charleston Daily Mail Photo*

"Mrs. West Virginia" placed third in the "Mrs. America" contest. Her husband, Major Phillip Terrell, an I&I, was voted "handsomest mate"

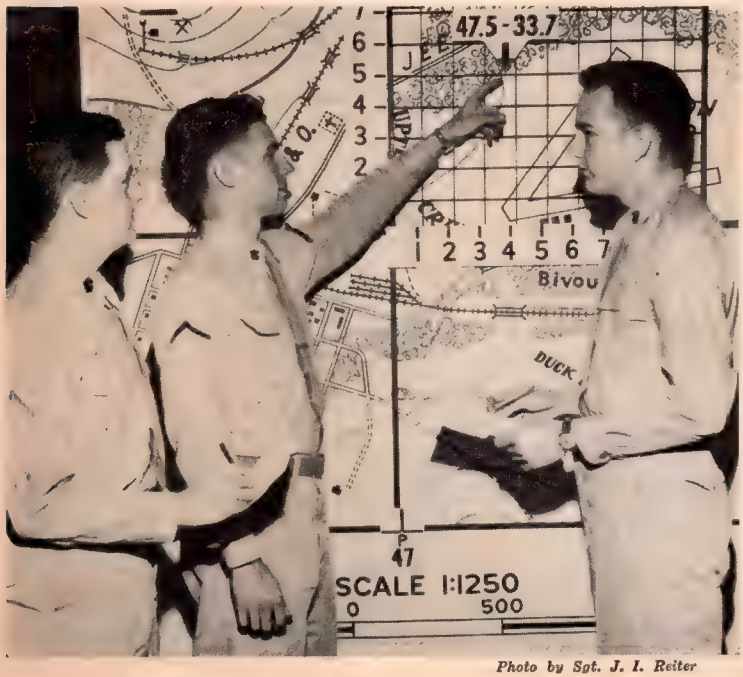



*Photo by Sgt. J. I. Reiter*

President's nephew, Pvt. Michael Gill, gets map briefing from Pfcs Dennis Riley and Harry Taylor of 13th Inf. Bn., Washington, D. C.

### Handsomest Couple

The men of the 4th Engineering Company, Marine Corps Reserve unit of South Charleston, W. Va., are boasting about pretty and efficient Mrs. June Terrell, wife of the I&I, Major Phillip A. Terrell, Jr.

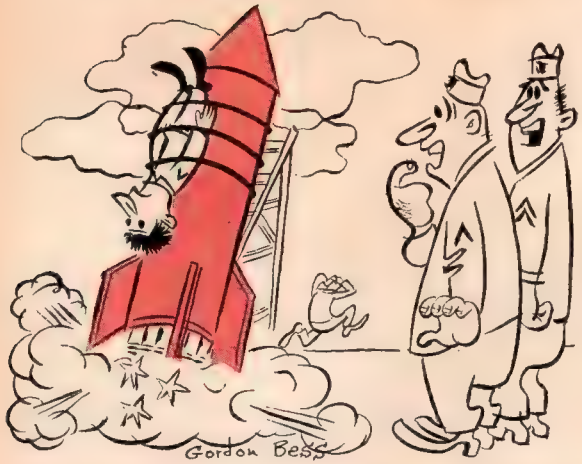
Mrs. Terrell recently carried off the title, "Mrs. West Virginia." She also placed third in the "Mrs. America" contest. She won, among other things, an all-expense paid trip to Florida.

But the distaff side of the Terrell household didn't carry off all the honors. The 50 "Mrs. America" contestants all voted Maj. Terrell, "handsomest mate."

5th District PIO

**END**

# Leatherneck Laffs

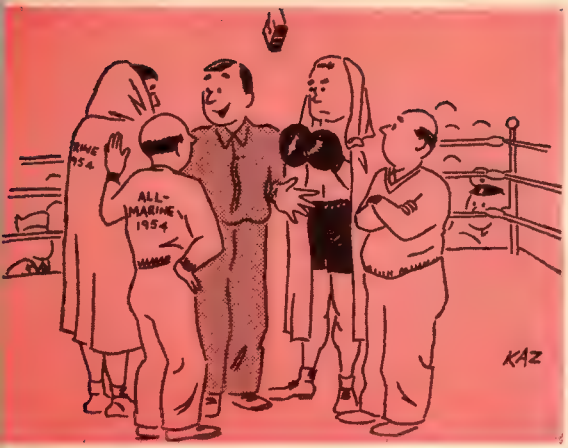



"I see Marcrumb is being run up again!"

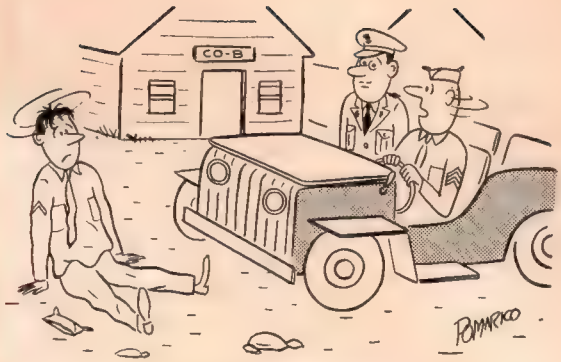
"Oh, come now, Perkins, . . . as one officer to another . . ."

"We're trying a little reverse psychology, Sir!"

"Looks like ole Hank has th' head detail again this morning!"



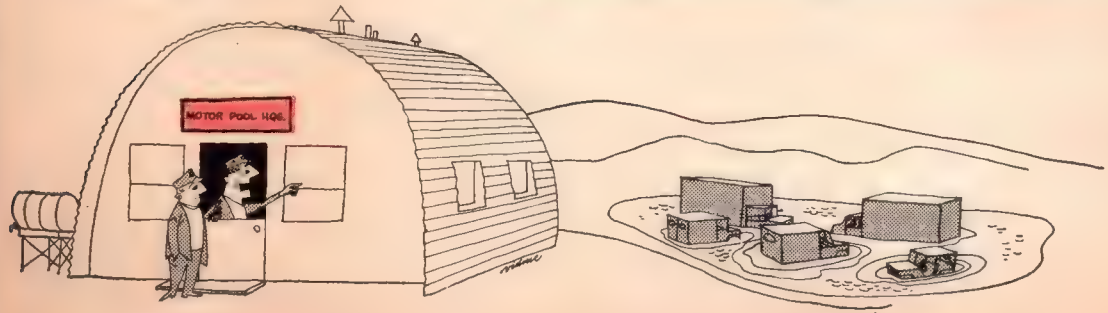

"You boys both know the rules . . . explain them to me, I'm new around here!"




"Are you all right, Sir?"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

"I lose more damn mechanics that way!"




"You'll find your truck in the motor pool just over that way . . ."

# Transfers

Compiled by
TSgt. John P. McConnell

Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

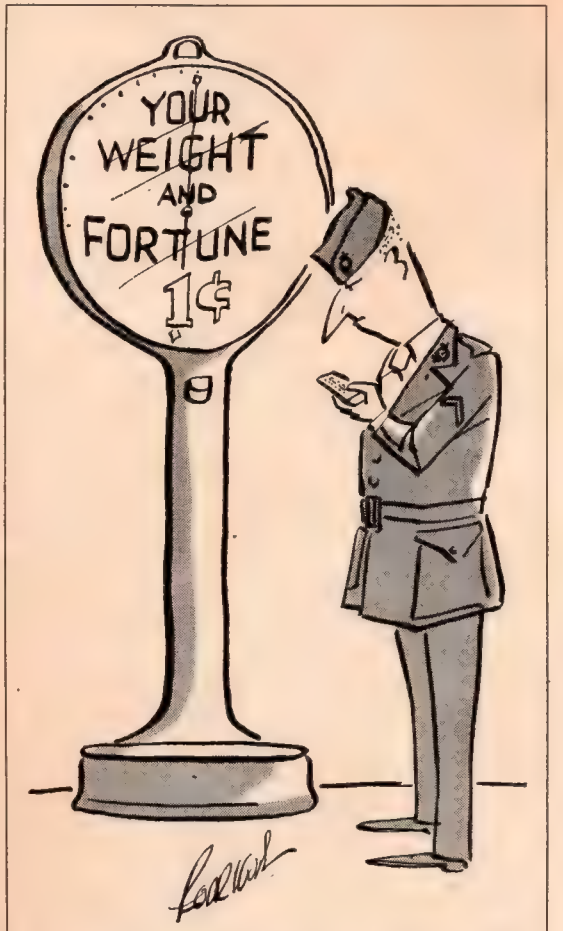
## MASTER SERGEANTS

ADKINS, Edwin A. Jr. (3014) FMF-Pac to I&I 10thInfBn USMCR Seattle
ALBERS, Darrell B. (0319) HQMC NROTC U of NMex to MCAS El Toro
ALLARD, Frank W. (3024) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ALLEN, Joseph K. (0149) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to Quant
ARNETT, James W. (0149) MD USS Mississippi to FMFLant NB Norfolk
ARNETT, Miles K. (0149) MB NNSYD Portsmouth Va to Lej
ATKINSON, William H. Jr. (0149) MarPac to 12thMCRRD SFran
AUGHTMON, Julian (0149) FMFLant Norfolk to MD USS Mississippi
BACHMANN, Robert J. (6619) HQMC (Sandia Base NMex) to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BADER, William J. (3039) Lej to HQMC
BALL, George W. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to 3dMAW Miami
BAKER, Chauncey W. (4119) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BARKSDALE, Roy (6419/7314) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
BARNES, George W. (3014) 102dSpInfCo USMCR Great Falls Mont to I&I 8thAWBtry USMCR Bakersfield Calif
BARTLETT, Clinton D. (4119) MCRD PI to 3dMAW Miami
BARTON, Woodrow W. (3014) 6thEng Co USMCR Knoxville to MCDS Albany Ga
BEARD, John M. (0149) Quant to Camp Pen FFT
BECK, Edward O. (0319) MCRD PI to Quant
BERRY, Doyle (0319) MCRD PI to Quant
BIEDEL, Leon C. (3119) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
BIGGE, George F. (3014) 1st155mmHowBn USMCR Phila to MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va
BLACK, Thomas W. (3019) 3d155mmGunBtry USMCR Salem Ore to HQFMFPac
BLANKENHEIM, Lloyd J. (1871) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BLOODWORTH, John M. (6619) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to MD NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif
BRISCOE, John D. (0149) MD USS Missouri to 4thSigCo USMCR Cincinnati
BROMAN, Howard C. (0149) I&I 3d-EngFldMaintCo USMCR Portland Me to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
BYRD, Loyd G. (3014) MarPac to I&I 102dSpInfCo USMCR Great Falls Mont
CAHALL, Clement E. (0149) MarPac to MCRD PI
CAPORALE, Louis D. (0149) Lej to CamPen FFT
CLANCEY, Cornelius T. Jr. (3054) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
CLIFTON, Millard F. (3024) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
COE, Howard E. (3014) 6thAWBtry USMCR Fresno Calif to HQMC
COLEMAN, John B. (3039) MCAS Navy #990 to MCDS Albany Ga
CONAROW, Robert E. (3034) HQMC (Sandia Base-NMex) to CamPen FFT
COOPER, Rodrick R. (0149) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
COURVILLE, Joseph B. (0149) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CRUMLEY, James C. (3014) 2dSupCo USMCR Dayton to MB Treasure Is FFT
CUNNINGHAM, Lawrence E. (3539) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DEIBERT, Howard L. (0319) MCRD PI to Quant
DIVINE, Paul W. (3034) HQMC to HQFMFLant Norfolk
DORAN, Joseph A. (5711) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
DOUGLAS, Billy G. (3014) 7thSpInfCo USMCR Louisville to HQMC
DRANE, Hamilton S. (4312) 5th-MCRRD Arlington Va to CamPen FFT
DREWYOR, Joseph A. (2719) MARTD MARTC Columbus O to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DUDLEY, George L. Sr. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
DUERR, Edward J. (3024) MarPac to HQMC
DUNKELBERGER, Harris "B" (0149) HQMC to I&I 8thRifCo USMCR Oklahoma City
FEW, Carl A. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FINN, James P. (3419) MCDO EPA WashDC to CamPen FFT
FLETCHER, Walter E. (0149) FMF-PacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
FREYTAG, Albert L. Jr. (3039) HQMC to MB Treasure Is FFT
FRINK, Lloyd S. (0371) MarPac to I&I 10thRifCo USMCR Grand Rapids Mich
GARLING, Hughey C. (3529) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB Treasure Is FFT
GIBBS, Arliss L. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to 3dMAW Miami
GRABOWSKI, Harley A. (3379) FMF-MarPac may dir PacTrps CamPen to MarActy as
GRIFFIN, Theodore A. (3014) 3dRifCo USMCR Nashville Tenn to 2dMarDiv Lej
HAMILTON, Robert B. Jr. (6419) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HANEY, James R. (0149) MB NARTS Dover NJ to Quant
HILDERBRANDT, Grace E. (0179) 4thMCCRD Phila to HQMC
HOFMANN, Charles E. (6619) MD NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
HORD, Melvin A. (0149) 3dMAW Miami to MCRD PI
HOUSMAN, Cleatiss D. (0149) Lej to MCRD PI
HUFF, John E. (3039) Lej to HQMC
HUGHES, Paul G. (6619) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to MCRD SD
JAMES, William O. (2529) AirFMF-Lant Norfolk to 2dMarDiv Lej
JAZWINSKI, Edward J. (6619) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
JOHNSON, Marvin G. (0149) CherPt to FMFLant Norfolk
KARPOWSKI, Bernard J. (3014) For Trps FMFLant Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KENNEDY, Charles A. S. (2719) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KOLLER, John R. (0149) El Toro to CamPen FFT
KOZEL, William (0149) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
KUCHERA, Carl J. (6419) Quant to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
LANDRY, Joseph S. (1319) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
LA ROCHELLE, Alfred W. (5239) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
LE BARRON, Lawrence C. (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
LEGG, Joel W. (3049) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
LEWIS, Howard R. (2119) Quant to MARTD MARTC Floyd Bennett Fld Brooklyn
LEWIS, Leslie C. (6449) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
LINVILLE, Robert E. (0149) Quant to CamPen FFT
LITTRELL, Lincoln S. (3014) 21stSpInfCo USMCR Compton Calif to MCAS El Toro
LUCKADOO, James B. (0819) 2dMarDiv Lej to MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile MB
MARSHALL, Kenneth J. (5519) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
MATTHEWS, Eugene R. (4139) FMF-Lant Norfolk to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT
MAZZA, Memotti L. (1841) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
MC COMBS, James M. Jr. (0769) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
MC CONNAHAY, James L. (0149) I&I 2d105mmHowBn USMCR LAngeles to I&I 5thSigCo USMCR LBeach Calif
MC CORMACK, Joseph X. Jr. (4119) El Toro to MCRD SD
MC CURDY, Charles M. (5849) 2d-MAW CherPt to MCRD PI
MC DONNELL, James L. (4139) MB NB Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC GEE, Curtis T. (0169) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MC KINNEY, Charles A. (0791) For-Trps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
MC LEAN, Otis D. (6419) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MILLER, Edward H. (4119) 3dMAW Miami to Quant
MILLER, George P. (0849) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
MILLER, John O. (0149) I&I 7thInfBn USMCR San Bruno Calif to MCDS Albany Ga
MILLER, Wilburn (4119) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MILLS, Thomas H. (0149) I&I 19th-SpInfCo USMCR Peoria Ill to MB NARTS Dover NJ
MITCHELL, Thomas E. (0149) Air-FMFPac El Toro to I&I 7thInfBn USMCR San Bruno Calif
MOTLEY, Edward W. (0149) MarPac to I&I 28thSpInfCo USMCR Lafayette Ind
MULLER, Perry J. (0149) FMFPac to MTG-20 CherPt
NEAL, Howard V. (7119) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NEWTON, Robert A. (0241) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
NOTEMAN, James M. (3539) HQMC (StateDept-Stockholm, Swed) to Quant
OLDHAM, James M. (3529) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
OVERTON, Everett L. (6419) AirFMF-Lant Norfolk to HQMC
PAGE, Charles L. Jr. (0149) MB NAD McAlester Okla to MarActy as dir by MarPac
PATTON, "J" "R" (3319) Quant to HQMC
PEARCE, Howard O. (1841) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif
PEDERSON, Lester M. (3069) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
POTTER, William L. (0149) I&I 4th-105mmHowBn USMCR St Joseph Mo to HQMC
PUCKETT, Wilburn C. Jr. (0149) 3d-MAW Miami to MCRD PI
PYLE, Louis W. (2569) FMFPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
RECORD, Clement H. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to I&I 3dEngFldMaintCo USMCR Portland Me
REILLY, Raymond I. (0769) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
RICHEY, Lewis H. (3529) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro
ROSS, Joseph A. (4611/7322) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola
RUSSIN, Stephen (0149) MARTD MARTC Floyd Bennett Fld Brooklyn to CamPen FFT
SANKEY, James L. (6519) MARTD MARTC Glenview Ill to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
SAS, Stephen Jr. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to MB NNSYd Portsmouth Va
SASSEN, Peter W. (4611) Quant to 2dMAW CherPt
SCOGIN, Walter O. (3529) Lej to Quant
SHELTON, James E. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to MTG-20 CherPt
SIEGFREID, Ralph M. (6439) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SMITH, Donald W. (4139) 2dMAW CherPt to MCAS El Toro
SOLIS, Willis (3034) MCDS Albany Ga to FMFLant Norfolk
SPIERS, Kenneth L. (6419) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to MCAS Miami
SPINKS, Norman D. (3139) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
STEWART, Irvin E. Jr. (1539) Quant to MCDS Albany Ga
STILLINGS, Max L. (0149) MCRD PI to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
TANKUNS, John E. (0149) 1stMCR-RD Boston to MCRD SD
TARTAGLIA, Carl (0149) I&I 2d-90mmAAAGun Bn USMCR Indianapolis to CamPen FFT
THEK, John R. (0149) 1stMCRRD Boston to MD USS Missouri
THOMAS, McRay (5249) MarPac to CamPen FFT
TRIPP, Raymond S. (5239) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD PI
TROTTER, Loel C. (3519) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
TUCKER, Willie R. M. (3069) El Toro to HQMC
WADGINSKI, Kenneth F. (6619) HQ-MC (Sandia Base-NMex) to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
WALDROP, William L. (0149) MB NGF WashDC to MCRD PI
WEBB, Aden K. (3039) ForTrps FMF-Lant Lej to CamPen FFT
WEBER, Albert W. (4611) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to 2dMAW CherPt
WESNER, Richard G. (0336) 5th-MCRRD Arlington Va to Quant
WEST, Oscar L. (2119) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
WHEELER, Buford E. (0149) Quant to MTG-20 CherPt
WILLARD, James M. (4611) 2dMAW CherPt to MCAS Miami
WILLIAMS, Robert A. (3019) HQMC to MCB Lej
WRAY, Robert C. (2639) ForTrpsFMF-Lant Lej to MCRD SD
YARDAS, Bernard L. (5519) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej

## TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ABNEY, Walter B. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT

ACKERMAN, Robert E. (6731) MTG-20 CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
ADMIRE, Louis D. (3519) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
ALLDAY, Otis (3011) MB NGF Wash-DC to MCDS Albany Ga
ALLEN, Sam Jr. (0147) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
ALERTON, John S. (5239) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
ALSTON, Joseph F. (0339) MCRD PI to Quant
BAIN, Delbert A. (6449) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
BARDILL, Harold W. (5849) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lej
BARRELLI, Dominic M. (1871) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
BELL, MORGAN M. (0776) MarPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
BENVENUTTI, Peter J. (0149) 2d-MAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
BERTELSEN, James R. (5849) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
BLOOM, John T. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
BLOUNT, James A. (3419) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to CamPen FFT
BROWN, Harvey C. Jr. (2619) MB NB Phila to MCDS Albany Ga
BUCK, Elton L. (2569) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CARSON, John W. (4136) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
CASANOVA, Henry (3149) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CHANDLER, Raymond V. (0149) MTG-20 CherPt to CamPen FFT
CHANEY, Wilbur R. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
CLEMENTS, James W. (2719) MARTD MARTC WashDC to MCRD SD
COOK, Wallace E. (2119) Quant to CamPen FFT
COOPER, Earl I. (5239) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
CROSS, Charles G. (2119) MB NAVA-TRACOM NAS Corpus Christi to CamPen FFT
CUSTER, George D. (0147) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DAILEY, William J. (6619) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
DEMKO, Charles G. (6419) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DEVERE, Carl M. (0149) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
DIEMER, James A. (3069) MB NB Phila to 3dMAW Miami
DOETSCH, Matthew A. Jr. (1834) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
DONNELLY, William G. (0765) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
DOUGHERTY, Richard P. (6439) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to 2d-MAW CherPt
DUBOSE, Richard A. (6449) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to 3d-MAW Miami
ECHOLS, John A. Jr. (0316) For-TrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
EDGAR, Francis I. (0147) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ELLIS, George M. Jr. (0816) 4th-MCRRD Phila to 2dMAW CherPt
ELLIS, John J. (6731) MTG-20 Cher-Pt to 2dMAW CherPt
EUBANKS, Werner H. (5239) CherPt to CamPen FFT
FALZONE, Carl V. (6419) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis
FERGUSON, Richard L. (3419) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to CamPen
GALUSZKA, John K. (3539) Lej to CamPen FFT
GAMBOA, Robert E. (0319) MarPac to CamPen FFT
GATES, Floyd F. (6419) MARTD MARTC Miami to 3d MAW Miami
GENENDLIS, Herbert (0121) FMFPac to MCAB CherPt
GETCHEY, Charles D. (2719) MCClo-Dep Phila to MCRD SD
GRIFFIN, John F. (1819) MarPac to CamPen FFT
GUERRA, Jesus (3269) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
HABICHT, Albert (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
HADLEY, John A. (4119) Lej to CamPen FFT
HAMMOND, Robert R. (3539) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
HAMLETT, Henry L. (3069) MARTD MARTC Birmingham to 3dMAW Miami
HARDIN, John T. (3539) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
HART, Richard J. (1129) HQMC to CamPen FFT
HARTMAN, Michael I. (4119) Quant to 3dMAW Miami
HEARN, Jowell M. Jr. (3024) HQMC (Sandia Base-NMex) to CamPen FFT
HODGSON, Jon J. (4611) El Toro to MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola
HORTON, Burris D. Jr. (5239) Quant to CamPen FFT
HORTON, Howard M. (0169) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
HUTCHERSON, Raeford (0147) MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMAW CherPt
JENKS, Frank E. Jr. (0439) Flag-Allow ComPhibPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
JENNINGS, Roland W. (3014) MB NSD Scotia NY to 2dMarDiv Lej
JONES, James G. (6419) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to HQMC
JONES, Richard W. (3069) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOHNSON, Erastus Jr. (3014) MCAS Navy #990 to 2dMarDiv Lej
JOHNSON, John L. (3014) MarPac to I&I 22dSplInfCo USMCR Aberdeen Wash
KELLY, Donald P. (3439) 1st MCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
KELLY, Kenneth M. (1369) Lej to I&I 1stEngCo USMCR Portland Me
LAKE, Charles W. (0149) I&I 12th-SplinfCo USMCR Corpus Christi to HQMC
LEE, Lytton Jr. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
LESZUN, Paul P. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
LISTWAN, Albert J. (8519) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT




". . . Quit your present position . . . seek a position best suited to your outstanding abilities . . ."
*Leatherneck Magazine*

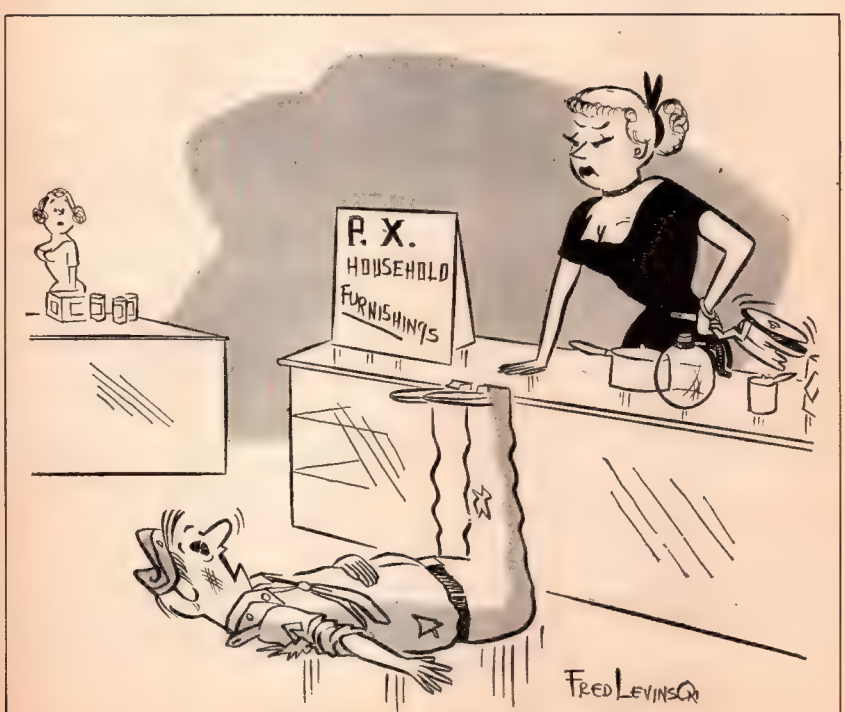
MUDD, Richard C. (4136) El Toro to CamPen FFT
MURPHY, Francis L. (1129) 2dMar-Div Lej to MarPac
MURPHY, Melvin J. (0319) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
MURRAY, Stacey A. (4136) MarPac to CamPen FFT
NEASLONEY, Milford O. (0319) MC-RD PI to Quant
NIXON, Harbart "C" (2619) 2dMar-Div Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NORTON, Lawrence E. (0147) MTG-20 CherPt to CamPen FFT
PARENT, Francis A. (6419) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
PARKER, Paul C. (3014) MCAS Navy #990 to MARTD MARTC Birmingham
SAGE, Joe A. (5849) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
SALVIE, William C. (3539) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
SARNER, Robert M. (6419) MARTD MARTC Miami to MCAS Miami
SCHMIDT, Carrol V. (2639) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SEIGH, James W. (6449) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to 3d MAW Miami
SHANKLES, Ernest R. (0147) Quant to CamPen FFT
SHECKLER, Harold A. (2119) Quant to MCRD SD
SHUPP, Walter F. Jr. (0147) Air-FMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SILVA, William J. (1834) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SNOW, Richard W. (3054) HQFMFPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
SPILLERS, James P. (5239) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SUMMERS, James A. (5849) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SWEET, Cyrus C. (6419) MCAB Cher-Pt to 2dMAW CherPt
TARDIFF, Vaughn L. (1814) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
TATE, Houston O. Jr. (5239) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
TAYLOR, Gordon F. (0147) 2dMar-Div Lej to Quant
THOMAS, Lewis (3619) Lej to For-TrpsFMFLant Lej
THOMPSON, Richard J. (6461) 2d MAW CherPt to MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis
TUCKER, Davie F. (1824) MarPac to CamPen FFT
TYLER, James E. (4691) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
TYMENSKY, Leo B. (0319) MB WashDC to CamPen FFT
VALO, Charles T. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
VAN HOOK, Paul E. (0119) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
WALKER, Robert R. (6419) MARTD MARTC Seattle to MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis
WALLIS, Paul L. (1129) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB Lej
WENTWORTH, George H. (0765) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
WEST, Margaret I. (0179) El Toro to MCRD PI
WHITE, James W. (2719) 3dMAW Miami to MCRD SD
WILLIAMS, Jack L. (5849) MCAS Quant to CamPen FFT
WRIGHT, George W. (0147) FMFLant Norfolk to CamPen FFT
WOLFORD, Kirk S. (3014) 2dMar-Div Lej to MB NSD Scotia NY

## STAFF SERGEANTS

ALVERSON, Clayton J. (0316) Air-FMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
ANDERSON, Robert L. (3379) HQMC (StateDept-Brussels, Belg) to Quant
ANGUS, Thomas P. (4136) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ANNIS, James E. (6413) MCAB Cher-Pt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ANTUNES, Albert (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
BAILEY, William (0335) MB NB Boston to CamPen FFT
BAILEY, Lonnie I. (0765) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BAIRD, Bobby (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
BAKER, Ernest A. (2561) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
BAKER, Ferral L. (5711) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to MCRD PI
BAKER, Wayne H. (2511) 2dMarDiv Lej to 3dMAW Miami
BARNWELL, Beaara O. (0179) I&I 1stANGLICO Ft Schuyler NY to Lej
BASS, Carl G. (0816) 2dMarDiv to CamPen FFT
BELLIA, Paul (5239) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
BENSON, William H. S. (0147) For-TrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
BETHEA, Lacy R. Jr. (0439) 2dMar-Div Lej to TTU PhibTraPac SDiego
BORING, Richard H. (3019) Lej to 3dMAW Miami
BOURGEOIS, Lewis (5231) Lej to CamPen FFT
BOWERS, Paul B. (1129) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BOWMAN, Alvin (1836) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BOWMAN, Jack E. (0366) 1stMCRRD Boston to Quant
BRAY, Johnnie L. (6731) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BROWN, Gerald S. (0816) MB NB Phila to Quant
BRYSON, Richard F. (0147) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BUKNER, Bruno (0147) Lej to 2d-MarDiv Lej
BUTLER, John (0147) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
CARR, James R. (1367) Lej to I&I 1stEngCo USMCR Portland Me
CARTER, Levi C. (6449) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to 3dMAW Miami
CASSIDY, James C. (0316) MD USS New Jersey to MB NNSYD Portsmouth Va
CHAPMAN, James R. Jr. (0316) Lej to CamPen FFT
CHIOMENTO, Thomas V. (3516) FMFPac to Lej
CLOW, Gerald W. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
COMBETTO, Frank J. Jr. (3539) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LUDINGTON, Richard O. (6419) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis
MARRERO, Louis E. (1836) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
MATTHEWS, Jack L. (5561) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MCRD SD
MAXWELL, Edward F. (0819) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
MC DANIEL, William B. (6481) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MESH, David M. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MEYERSON, Sidney G. (0149) FMF-Lant Norfolk to Quant
MOOG, Della C. (0179) El Toro to MCRD PI
MOORE, Joseph H. (3014) 8thSplInf-Co USMCR Lynchburg Va to Cam-Pen FFT
MORGESE, Joseph P. (0765) MarPac to CamPen FFT
PEACOCK, Virgil A. (0147) FMFLant Norfolk to Quant
PETTENGILL, Sewall A. (5239) 3d-MAW Miami to CamPen FFT
PHILLIPS, Jack L. (6419) MB NB Phila to 2dMAW CherPt
PINGITORE, Andrew L. (4949) Quant to Lej
RAMIREZ, Paul (0147) MarPac to CamPen FFT
RAVE, William C. (5211) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
REDDEN, Harper T. (3014) Quant to I&I 74thSplInfCo USMCR Mansfield O
REIFEL, Raymond (1861) For Trps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
RUBOLO, Frank J. (6449) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis
RYAN, Joseph T. (5239) MCAB Cher-Pt to CamPen FFT

## TRANSFERS (cont.)

COMPSTON, Albert J. (0147) 5th-MCRRD Arlington Va to Lej
COOL, Theodore F. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
COURNEY, Alfred W. (0335) Lej to CamPen FFT
COWLEY, William L. Jr. (0231) FMF-Pac Trps CamPen to 3dMAW Miami
CROMWELL, John M. (4621) MarPac to MCDS Albany Ga
DALTON, Edward F. Jr. (0816) I&I 2d105mmHowBn USMCR LAngeles to CamPen FFT
DAVIES, Malcolm J. (5231) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DAVIS, Jimmy F. (6444) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
DAVIS, Robert A. (0336) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
DEAN, Robert E. (3516) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
DRECHSEL, Rudolph (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
DUNN, William A. (0147) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DYER, Winfred R. (3011) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
EASTMAN, Dorothy P. (0173) MCAB CherPt to HQMC
EGGERS, Harold H. (2511) ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MB Treasure Is FFT
ENGELHORN, Edward R. (0147) HQ-MC to Quant
ENTERLINE, Lee L. (0147) 3dMAW Miami to I&I 61stSplinfCo USMCR Lexington Ky
FIKE, James (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
FISHER, Louis V. (1111) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
FISHER, Roy E. (0765) Quant to CamPen FFT
FORD, George W. (3534) FMFLant Norfolk to HQMC
FREEMAN, Norman B. (4136) El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
FRIEDMANN, Christian C. (6436) Quant to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
FRY, Robert R. (3516) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
GILMAN, Bill R. (3519) Lej to 2d-MarDiv Lej
GILLEN, Robert E. (3539) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
GRANT, Lewellyn W. (1814) Quant to CamPen FFT
GREER, Franklin D. (6717) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
GRIVETTO, Louis J. (3519) HQMC (StateDept-Damascus, Syria) to MarActy as Mar Pac may dir
GROSS, William H. (2531) HQMC (StateDept-Bonn, Ger) to 2dMarDiv Lej
GUARD, Donald E. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
HAMILTON, Ben L. (1836) Quant to CamPen FFT
HAMILTON, William W. (2533) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HENRY, William P. (6439) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
HIGGINS, Howard W. (0147) MB NB Phila to CamPen FFT
HOLEMAN, William L. (0316) 3d-MAW Miami to MCRD PI
HOLLINSHEAD, Joseph A. (1814) MarPac to CamPen FFT
HOLSENBACK, James R. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
HOWARD, Vincent P. Jr. (5841) Air-FMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
HUETT, Eddie H. (5849) 2dMAW CherPt to Lej
HUGO, Dennis B. (6613) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMF-Pac El Toro FFT
HULL, Eugene K. (3534) HQMC (StateDept-Tel Aviv, Israel) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
IRVIN, Ateck R. Jr. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
JACOBS, Everett E. (0147) 9thMCRRD Chicago to MTG-20 CherPt
JEFFERY, Harry D. (0147) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
JOHNSON, Henry M. (3068) 2dMAW CherPt to MCAB CherPt
JOHNSON, Robert A. (0316) MCRD PI to 9th MCRRD Chicago
KAWANIS, Richard A. (1814) Quant to CamPen FFT
KELCY, Eugene R. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
KIMBRO, Elmer R. (3516) MarPac to ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif
KOST, William E. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
KREBSBACH, Marvin D. (0147) MarPac to CamPen FFT
LA COURSE, Robert E. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LEADAM, John H. (0848) MB NGF WashDC to CamPen FFT
LEE, William M. (3534) MB NavActy Navy #115 to 2dMarDiv Lej
LEONARD, Raymond H. (5231) Quant to MD NS Navy #103
LONG, Jack C. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LONG, James E. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
LOVELL, James E. (0848) MD NS NOrleans to CamPen FFT
LUDWIG, Fritz "A" (0316) FMFPac Trps CamPen to MB Treasure Is FFT
MAHAN, James C. (6611) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
MAHIEU, Robert M. (2533) MB NB Phila to 3dMAW Miami
MATTHEWS, Samuel Jr. (3053) Lej to 2dMAW CherPt
MAYNARD, Moses (3534) Quant to CamPen FFT
MC CULLEN, James F. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
MC DANIEL, Gale J. (5849) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MC KINLEY, James R. (6619) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
MIECZKOWSKI, Kashamir C. (1367) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NPF Indian Head Md
MITCHELL, "L" "C" (1814) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
MODGLING, Jessie L. (0316) MB NAVATRACOM NAS Corpus Christi to 2dMarDiv Lej
MOORE, Harrison D. (5811) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to CamPen FFT
MULVEY, Patrick D. (2711) MarPac to MCRD SD
MURPHY, Cecil J. Jr. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MURRAY, Alexander J. (5231) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
MYERS, Norman R. (3379) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
NICHOLS, Elisha L. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
NORRE, Donald D. (0816) MarPac to CamPen FFT
O'DONNELL, John F. (2541) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to MB Treasure Is FFT
OSS, Merton J. (6449) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMF-Pac El Toro
PALMER, Ralph (1111) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT ... .....
PARSONS, Patrick E. (0776) FMFPac to ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif
PATTEN, Stephen T. (0765) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
POMROY, Harold E. (0776) I&I 1st-90mmGunBtry USMCR Augusta Me to CamPen FFT
PRUITT, Robert D. (1367) MCAS Miami to 3dMAW Miami
RAYFIELD, William J. (1814) MB NTC GLakes to CamPen FFT
RETZLOFF, Wilbur E. (3371) MB NTC GLakes to 2dMAW CherPt
REYNOLDS, Nathan A. (2561) 1st-MAW to MarPac
RIDGWELL, John A. (0776) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
ROBERSON, James J. (1836) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
ROBERSON, Thomas A. (0316) For-Trps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MarActy as MarPac may dir
ROSARIO, Anthony R. (3068) AirFMF Pac El Toro to overseas
SAUER, Kermit C. (0849) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
SCHOCH, Joseph F. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
SCHWARTZ, George P. (0147) MB NAS Jax to CamPen FFT
SELF, Marvin W. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
SHEA, Lawrence J. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
SHARIN, George F. Jr. (3069) HQMC (StateDep-Havana, Cuba) to MCAS Miami
SHORT, Burl (3034) MarPac to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
SIMKINS, Joseph R. (0147) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
SIMMONS, Harry A. (2269) Quant to MCDS Albany Ga
SIMMONS, Richard T. (0337) HQMC (StateDept-Iran) to MarActy as Mar-Pac may dir
SMOOT, Wilbert W. (3011) HQMC (StateDept-Dusseldorf, Ger) to Mar-Acty as MarPac may dir
SPARKS, Amon N. (0316) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
SPARTONOS, Jerome A. (6413) Quant to MARTD MARTC Floyd Bennett Fld Brooklyn
SPURLING, James E. (5239) MarPac to CamPen FFT
STAMPS, Edward L. (3211) Lej to CamPen FFT
STEPHENSON, William A. (3068) CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
STEWART, James G. (1836) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
STOCKWELL, John E. (0147) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
SWINDLE, John A. (0816) Quant to CamPen FFT
TATUM, Harold D. (1814) MarPac to CamPen FFT
TAYLOR, John W. (3516) MarPac to CamPen FFT
TAYLOR, Leslie P. (3211) Lej to CamPen FFT
TAYLOR, Thomas J. Jr. (3516) I&I 3dEngCo USMCR Youngstown O to CamPen FFT
TEDRICK, Dwight D. (2111) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
TERRELL, Raymond W. (5239) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
THIBAULT, Paul V. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
THOMAS, Joseph G. (6413) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMF-Pac El Toro FFT
TOBIN, Walter C. (0200) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
TOWNSEND, Franklin G. (0316) MB NB Phila to Lej
TRIZZA, Samuel (0319) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
TRUDELL, Edward P. (1146) Quant to HQMC
VANN, Joseph W. Jr. (5843) Quant to CamPen FFT
VINCENT, Albert W. (3014) Lej to MD NOP Indianapolis
WALDO, Walter A. (1814) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
WALKER, Wilmer (6446) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WECKERLY, William M. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
WHEATLEY, John I. (0316) MCRD PI to Lej
WHIPPLE, Emery S. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
WHITE, Milton L. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
WHITEMAN, Joseph (0765) ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
WICKMAN, Matthew F. (0147) Lej to AirFMFLant Norfolk
WIGGINS, Manuel (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
WINTERS, Roy M. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
WOOD, Robert C. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
WOODRUFF, Ronald L. (0765) For-Trps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
WORLEY, William T. (1814) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
WRIGHT, Jerry G. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
YEARGIN, Albert W. Jr. (0816) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ZAEPFEL, Cletus P. (1814) MB NNSYd Portsmouth Va to CamPen FFT
ZIOLKOWSKI, Stanley (0147) MB NTC GLakes to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ZUKAS, Lawrence E. (6449) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis




"I just said I wanted a little oven!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*



END

## MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 12*]

Former Marine Roy L. Dutton, 719½ W. 75th St., Los Angeles 44, Calif., to hear from **MSgt. Kenneth S. MATSON, Daniel DOUGHERTY, Thomas A. FRIEL** and other former members of VMF-212.

* * *

Former Marine Donald W. Gaston, P. O. Box 88, Natchez, Miss., to hear from Marines **Robert H. LIPINSKI, Robert L. GIANNETTI** and **Thomas J. FLEURY.**

* * *

George Vernum, Chief of Police, Homer, N. Y., to hear from anyone who served in 644th Drill Co., Parris Island, in 1921, or the 36th Co., 9th Regiment in Haiti, during 1921-22.

* * *

Former Corpsman Kenneth Gorton, 16 Franklin Ave., Pearl River, N. Y., to hear from **Lt. CLAPPER** or other Marines who served with "F" Co., 2d Bn., 1st Marines during 1941-44.

* * *

TSgt. James E. McCarty, "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **TSgt. Kenneth W. JEFFREY.**

* * *

Former Marine Darrell A. Johnson, Pocahontas, Iowa, to hear from **Roman J. HONASY** or anyone who served with MT Sec., H&S Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines in Korea.

* * *

Mrs. Gertrude E. Zeibach, Route No. 1, Box No. 99, Hugo, Minn., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **David ZEIBACH, Jr.,** reported KIA Aug. 13, 1952, on Bunker Hill. She especially wishes to contact **Charles RACK** and other members of "I" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

Former Marine Charles C. Nuzum, P. O. Box No. 4075, Parkersburg, W. Va., to hear from **John KURIA** of New Jersey and **Lawrence WILLS** of Seattle.

* * *

Sgt. J. R. McCarthy, American Embassy, APO 206, N. Y., N. Y., to hear from **Sgt. Richard HAYES.**

* * *

TSgt. Albert D. Marzilli, Marine Recruiting Sub-Station, P. O. Bldg., New Brunswick, N. J., to hear from SSgt. **Julius POCIUS** and **Sgt. Anthony GAGLIANO.**

Sgt. W. L. Erving, Ord. Sect., MCSD, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from **Sgt. John MALERBA** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine James C. Rose, 1121 N. 8th St., St. Louis 6, Mo., to hear from **John SIMMONS.**

* * *

Pfc J. Flannigan, 1st Prov. DMZ Police Co., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Marines **Mark JURKO, Lowell SAUNDERS, Bob ELVING, VITCH,** and **Lubo HYDUKOVITCH.**

* * *

James W. Dixon, 1249 W. Early Ave., Chicago, Ill., to hear from **TSgt. Richard R. RUNE** and **Edward J. BABOLA.**

* * *

Former Marine Robert L. Grider, Rural Route 7, Box 44, Oklahoma City, Okla., to hear from **Clayton D. (Red) SEEBER** and other buddies.

* * *

Corp. Casimie J. St. Germain, Hq. Det., TTU Lant, NAB, Little Creek, Norfolk, Va., to hear from anyone who served with him in the 4.2" Mortar Co., 5th Marines, First Marine Division.

Mr. Jerry Roden, 212 Mac Dade Blvd., Milmont Park, Pa., to hear from **Pvt. Harry ANDERSON** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Buckley, 162 Lebanon Church Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa., to hear from **TSgt. John GERMAN.**

* * *

Miss Judith Wilson, Pineland College, Salemburg, N. C., to hear from **Corp. Mike JORDAN.**

* * *

SSgt. H. H. Leverette, MB, Naval Station, New Orleans, La., to hear from **Sgt. Frederick C. HAYES.**

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lundberg, 1135 S. Smith Ave., West St. Paul, Minn., to hear from anyone who has information concerning their son, **Corp. Warren A. LUNDBERG.** He was listed as wounded and MIA at Yudam-ni Nov. 28, 1950, while serving with "E" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, 1stMarDiv, and has since been declared dead.

* * *

Former Marine W. F. Williams, RFD #1, Billings, Mont., to hear from **MSgt. William DOOLITTLE,** who was an enlisted pilot on Midway in 1944.

**END**

"Are you sure it won't show?"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

Leatherneck's
PIN UP FOR
JULY
Colleen Miller

# 一番 ICHIBAN

ICHIBAN means "Number One,"
Far off in the lands of the Rising Sun . . .
ICHIBAN means "August" too,
So take a tip from Nan Lee Loo—
"Hai, Marine!" Loo, She speakee,
"Here's Numbah Wan-n-n deal, you wanta catchee . . .
"Is SOUVENIR LEATHERNECK, costs sukoshi yen,
"Is ICHIBAN, yes . . . Nevah Numbah Ten!"

August is your ONE chance to get a LEATHERNECK especially prepared as a tribute to every Marine who has served in the Far East since 1950 . . . August is your ONE chance to own a Special Far East Souvenir issue of LEATHERNECK . . . A LEATHERNECK, 16 pages larger than usual, designed as a life-long remembrance of YOUR duty tour in Korea and Japan!

FAR EAST MARINES! If you don't have a subscription, you can order your August LEATHERNECK in advance! Send your name, address and 25¢ to the closest LEATHERNECK agent listed at the left, or contact your local exchange magazine counter . . . and, Mac, YOU BETTER ORDER EARLY!

## IN KOREA

**FIRST MARINE DIVISION**
MSGT ARTHUR A. SLOCUMB
INFORMATION SECTION
1ST MARINE DIVISION, FMF
C/O FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

**FIRST MARINE AIRCRAFT WING**
MSGT JOSEPH L. SARTIN
INFORMATION SECTION
HEDRON-1, FMAW, FMF
C/O FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

## IN JAPAN

**THIRD MARINE DIVISION**
TSGT GEORGE E. WILSON
OR SSGT DONALD L. MOORE
INFORMATION SECTION
3D MARINE DIVISION, FMF
C/O FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

**FIRST MARINE AIRCRAFT WING**
MSGT W. D. BURKE
MWSG-17, FMAW, FMF
C/O FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

## FIREWORKS

[*continued from page 35*]

a word about it to anyone so far because we figured that way no one could give the scheme away inadvertently. But before I went to bed I had another shock. Jack Hawkins, another Marine who slept next to me, stretched and yawned as I was climbing into my sack.

"Ho, hum . . . tomorrow's the Fourth of July. Do you think the Nips will give us the day off to celebrate?"

I sat up straight. I had forgotten what date it was. Jack had to give the project the old American twist—now the Nips were sure to suspect something.

But the morning of July Fourth dawned just as cheerless as any other. I had laid awake and tossed until the small hours of the morning and I was pretty groggy when they woke me up for my morning rice. Actually I had forgotten all about the gimmick and was walking across the parade ground to muster when I heard an explosion.

I remembered then!

I made a rapid check, saw the night shift was already lined up, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then one of the soldiers pointed down to the mine and yelled.

"There's a big fire going on down below and it looks as though the whole mine is going up!"

About that time it did go up with a blast that hurt my eardrums. The ply-wood shacks that served as our barracks bellied out for a moment with concussion, then spewed out doors and windows pell-mell.

Somehow or other the terrific blast failed to knock me down. I stood fascinated, watching first, huge timbers and girders flying through space, and then the body of a man turning lazily end-over-end at the peak of the blast.

Self-preservation finally won over fascination and I hit the deck until the mine stopped falling. Then I stood up and looked wide-eyed at the havoc left in the wake of the blast.

The entire area around where the powder house had stood was a barren plain, and the shaft-head-lift timbers that still stood over the mine entrances were crazily askew. It was evident that there would be no work underground for some time to come.

I was still stunned by the scene of devastation when Jack Bailey, just at my elbow, spoke softly.

"Now," he said, "if they would just play the *Marines' Hymn* my day would be complete." **END**

---

## SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 9*]

But, before we were rated, we had to pay one dollar a month to each instructor. So, I see where Sgt. Marcus is a little wrong somehow. From an old timer.

George R. Sousa Sr.,
1631 Hicks Street,
Augusta, Georgia

● *Thanks for squaring us away, Mr. Sousa. It is indeed a pleasure to hear from old timers such as yourself.—Ed.*

### SNOWED BY TALK

Dear Sir:

I was discharged in October, 1952 after serving three years. I am married and my wife is expecting a baby. My friends who served with me say that I am subject to call for 10 years through an unwritten clause. I am in no Reserve and now I am snowed by this talk.

Would you please clear this up for me as to when or if I would be called in case of another war or emergency. Also, is there such a thing as an unwritten clause of "10 years?"

James Thornton
1541 Indiana Avenue,
Toledo 7, Ohio

● *It appears that you enlisted in the Marine Corps in October, 1949, served for three years, and did* NOT *enlist in the Marine Corps Reserve upon discharge. If this is true, you will not be recalled to active duty by the Marine Corps. Certain personnel who enlisted in the Marine Corps after June 24, 1948, but prior to June 19, 1951, and served for* less than three years, *are subject to a maximum FIVE-YEAR RESERVE obligation, but those persons are placed in the Reserve upon discharge.*

*The confusion relative to the "unwritten clause" of 10-year liability probably stems from the fact that the*

*Selective Service Act of 1940 (which was in effect throughout World War II)* DID *provide that persons inducted under that law were liable to a 10-year Reserve obligation or until they became 45 years of age. The Marine Corps did not, however, invoke that provision of law.*

*As a veteran of three years' active service, you are, under existing law, exempt from induction by Selective Service unless Congress should declare a state of war or national emergency. —Ed.*

### RED PIPING

Dear Sir:

I am a Marine recruiter stationed in Aberdeen, Washington, and many times this question has come to my mind as well as in discussions with fellow recruiters. I have looked in all the Marine Corps history books that are available to me, as well as Volume I, Marine Corps Manual, and have not been able to find the information I seek.

My problem is this: On the enlisted man's dress blues we have the red piping which commemorates the Artillery men who fought with General Washington in the battle of Trenton. Now, why is it that the Marine Corps officers' dress blues do not have the red piping as the enlisted men do?

I hope that you can straighten me out on this as I know that other men besides myself would also like to have this information.

Sgt. Loren E. Walker
Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-station,
Post Office Building,
Aberdeen, Washington

● *True, Marines of the artillery did wear red piping on dress blues at the time of the battle of Trenton, but the reason was not to commemorate that battle. Instead, on or about that time, the Army issued to the Marines surplus Army infantry uniforms which had red facing and piping, including the red welt down the trouser seams. The only logical reason for this is that the red piping is a hand-me-down from the days of scarlet lining when enlisted personnel wore red piping in lieu of the gold which was worn by officers.*

*Records at HQMC reveal no historical or traditional reason for the red piping on the enlisted blue coat. Officers eliminated the gold trimmings, but the enlisted men retained their red piping. —Ed.*

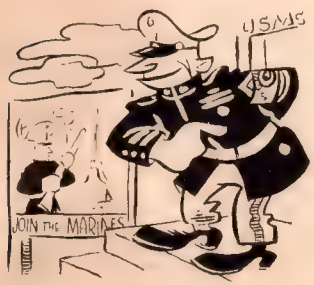
### WOMEN MARINES

Dear Sir:

Could you please give me some information on the qualifications and requirements for enlistment in the Women Marines? I am planning on joining when I finish high school.

Miss Anna May Walton
11½ Third Street,
Brooklawn, New Jersey

● *Enlistment requirements for the Women Marines are as follows: age 18 to 30 years, inclusive; unmarried; no dependents; high school graduate or ability to pass an educational equivalent examination; present written consent of parents or legal guardian if less than 21 years of age; excellent character; must attain the minimum score required on the Armed Forces Women's Selection Test prescribed for current use; and pass the required physical examination.*




*Enlistment periods are for three or four years, at the applicant's option. Further information concerning enlistment in the Women Marines may be obtained at any Marine Corps Recruiting Station or Sub-Station. In your case, the nearest Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station is at Broadway and Federal Sts., Camden, New Jersey.—Ed.*

### NEEDS SUPPORT

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you in regard to some government aid. My son enlisted in the Marine Corps on November 5, 1953, but before that time he was working and staying home to help support me. He was paying $80 a month toward my support as I am unable to work, and have no husband. I have another son with me at home but he is only 16 years old (not old enough to work) and support me.

My son is willing to pay me $40 a month out of his pay now, but I would like to know why I can't get some government help now that he is serving our country.

Name withheld by request

● *From the content of your letter we believe that your category would come under Sub-paragraph (1) of Paragraph 3a, Marine Corps Bulletin Number 11-51 which states: "The father or mother is in fact dependent on such service-member for more than one-half of his or her support, and as such is prepared to submit proof that such dependency has existed for the preceding six-month period."*

*Although you may qualify in accordance with the foregoing paragraph, the initial request for such allowances must be made by your son through his company commander.—Ed.*

### UNDESIRABLE DISCHARGE

Dear Sir:

What is the meaning of an undesirable discharge? Does it mean that the boy has been rude while in service? Will it affect him in any way about getting work? And, suppose he wants to take some kind of schooling like most of the boys are doing, will it affect him that way?

I would like to see this letter published in the "Sound Off" column as soon as possible. Thank you.

Mrs. Nancy Smith
Fayetteville, Ark.

● *Undesirable Discharges are usually the result of unsatisfactory service caused by alcoholism, misconduct, fraudulent enlistment, conviction by a civil court, repeated AWOLs, etc.*

*There may be difficulty in obtaining employment when the discharge certificate must be shown. Generally, persons holding an Undesirable Discharge are ineligible for Veterans Benefits, and they are definitely ineligible for reenlistment. Further information may be obtained from your local Veterans Administration office.—Ed.*

### SENIORITY

Dear Sir:

I would like for you to help me out with a discussion that came up today.

I contend that if two men are of the same rank and that rank, say corporal, is dated the same day, that in order to determine the senior man, one refers to the date of the previous rank.

The other side says that when two men have the same date of rank, the one with the most time in the Corps is senior man.

Corp. Kenneth G. Trudel
H&S Co., 1st Prov. DMZ Police Co.,
5th Marines, 1stMarDiv., FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *There is no rank precedence established for enlisted men below the rank of staff sergeant. When there is a question as to the seniority of two men of equal rank, one usually refers to their time in service.—Ed.*

**TURN PAGE**

"What's Gunghowicz got that we ain't got?"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### NATIONAL GUARD SERVICE

Dear Sir:

In the January, 1954 issue of *Leatherneck* there was a letter requesting information about retainer pay with 19 years and six months active and three years volunteer Reserve service.

The answer given was that retainer pay would be $145.24 per month. However, I transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve in August, 1948 after completing 19 years and six months active and three years National Guard service, and I only receive $137.60 per month.

The information I would like is; has an error been made or is National Guard service not creditable in computing basic pay?

MSgt. E. A. Anderson, FMCR,
1106 St. Croix St.,
Hudson, Wisconsin

● *National Guard service may be credited in the computation of basic pay. Your service records are being adjusted to include credit for your National Guard Service.—Ed.*

### CONFUSED

Dear Sir:

Recently the question came up in one of our courtesy classes as to whether a woman officer is addressed as "Ma'am," or "Sir."

The question became very involved but with nothing conclusive, so I figured that it would be best to consult the *Leatherneck* and clear up the point.

As it stands now, many people are being taught that a woman officer is to be greeted as "Good Morning, Sir."

Please point out the proper way to address a woman officer and also furnish us with the reference.

Pfc R. E. Bosworth
Hq. Co., H&S Bn., F.M.S.,
Marine Corps Recruit Depot,
Parris Island, S. C.

● *There is no directive which says that women officers will be addressed as "Sir" or "Ma'am." Paragraph 1312, Subparagraphs (1) and (2) of United States Naval Regulations has this to say:*

*(1) "Except as provided in paragraph 2, every officer in the naval service shall be designated and addressed in official communication by the title of his or her grade."*

*(2) "In oral official communications male officers below the grade of commander in the Navy and captain in the Marine Corps may be addressed as Mister and female officers of similar grade as Miss or Mrs. . . ."—Ed.*

### SERVICE STRIPES

Dear Sir:

My question is: Are enlisted personnel after serving two years in their home state Organized National Guard Unit, and two years or more of regular duty in the United States Marine Corps, such as I have done, entitled to the service stripe (hashmark)?

Corp. Ernest E. Joseph
MAS-212, MAG-12,
First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *If you are drawing longevity pay for your National Guard service, we'd say that you are authorized to wear the service stripe.—Ed.*

### AMERICAN AREA MEDAL

Dear Sir:

For the past weeks we men in the radio shop of VMA-211 have been having an argument over service ribbons which we think you can solve.

Our squadron has just returned from the Caribbean and some of us think we are entitled to wear the American Area service ribbon of which the requirements are to have 12 months active service in the United States or have 30 days service outside of the United States. Most of us meet the requirements on both counts but we cannot find out whether or not the ribbon has been discontinued.

Could you furnish us with the correct answer to our problem?

Pfc R. R. Burton
VMA-211, MAG-14,
Edenton, N. C.

● *Closing date for the American Area Campaign medal was March 2, 1946.—Ed.*

### CERTIFICATES

Dear Sir:

We have been receiving requests from Marines for information as to where they can purchase various cer-

"Had a barracks inspection today. What a pig pen!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

tificates, Ancient Order's of the Deep, etc.

As we now have six different certificates, we are wondering if you would carry a short note in the "Sound Off" column telling them that they can get from us, the Neptune; Golden Dragon;

Recommissioning; Plank Owner; Arctic Circle and Round the World.

We will be very glad to send them additional information on these certificates and one can be forwarded for your inspection if you like.

Chris Lund
Staff Photographer,
Our Navy, Inc.,
One Hanson Place,
Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

● *We are pleased to publish your offer, Mr. Lund.—Ed.*

**BROAD SHOULDERS**

Dear Sir:

You seem to bear the brunt of attack on quoted media in the *Leatherneck,* so therefore, may we lay another one on your burdened shoulders?

No doubt the quotation in the April issue "Post of the Corps" about "officers and troops being encouraged to wear double soles with metal inserts on heels" has brought the wrath of the Corps upon your desk.

There isn't any need for us to refer you to any Marine Corps regulation prohibiting remodeling of footwear, so we will skip that.

Recruiters,
Marine Corps Recruiting Station,
1210 Washington Street,
Columbia, S. C.

● *Paragraph 7 of Marine Corps Memorandum 33-53, prohibited the use of additional soles, extra thickness leather heels and the metal toe and heel plates but on June 2, 1953, that paragraph was deleted. Therefore, at this writing, we have no knowledge of any regulation which authorizes or prohibits the use of double soles and heel taps.*

*It is anticipated that a memorandum will be promulgated in the near future to clarity the matter.—Ed.*

**ONE POINT DOWN**

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate an answer to the following question:

Why is it that on campaign ribbons the stars are worn with one point down, while in other cases such as personal flags, insignia of rank, etc., *stars are placed with one point up?*

Thank you for an effort toward obtaining an explanation.

Capt. H. L. Alderman
Troop Training Unit,
U. S. Naval Amphibious Base,
Coronado, San Diego, Calif.

● *There is no particular reason for the stars pointing the way they do, Captain Alderman. It's just Navy Department policy.—Ed.*

**THIRD DIVISION ASSOCIATION**

Dear Sir:

I am writing in reference to the Third Marine Division Association of which I have been a paid up member from its very beginning. Since correspondence from our association is somewhat limited, I haven't heard of what progress was made at its first West Coast Reunion which was to have been held last year.

Any information you can furnish me on this matter will be greatly appreciated.

Edward C. Ryniak
2743 Burnside St.,
Detroit 12, Mich.

● *We don't have the results of the West Coast Reunion, Mr. Ryniak, but we believe that you can get an answer to your question by writing to CWO Gunsolly, Secretary-Treasurer, Hq., FMF LANT, Norfolk, Virginia.—Ed.*

**END**

**ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 13.**

1. (b); 2. (b); 3. (a); 4. (b); 5. (c); 6. (a); 7. (a); 8. (b); 9. (b); 10. (b).

"You got me in a lot of trouble, Colonel—those military secrets you gave me were from the Civil War!"

*Leatherneck Magazine*

After our relief shows up, we usually take "ten" for coffee, a smoke and a rehash of the night's tour

Radio and police telephones aren't our only means of communication. Yells from the third deck work too

## CAPITAL BEAT

[*continued from page 19*]

relationship between the ASP and the local police?" I asked.

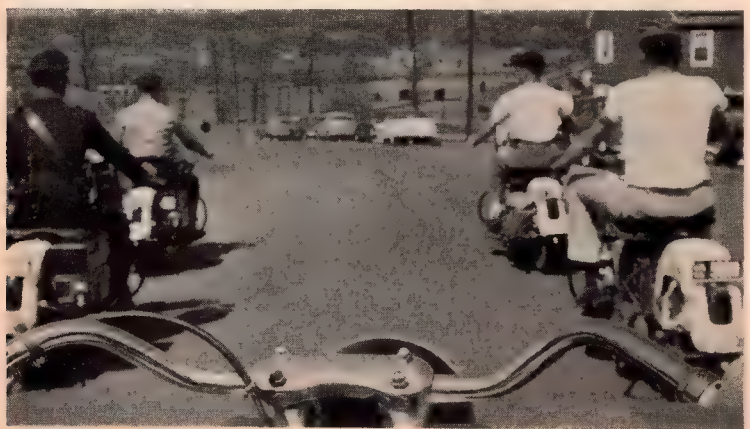
"Excellent," Sgt. Thomas said. "We work directly with the authorities in Virginia, Maryland and, of course, the District. In addition we are well acquainted with the different Federal law enforcement officers, and the FBI works through our unit on many cases.

"Gunner Bales has been with the program here in Washington for more than two years and deserves a lot of the credit for our present relationship with the local authorities. We've worked out an almost foolproof plan. If a serviceman is picked up by the local cops, in civilian clothes, and taken to a station house and booked, it isn't long before the authorities discover that he's in the service. They call our office immediately, day or night, and the man is picked up by one of our units. Under this procedure the man is not considered over the hill."

After serving with the Armed Services Police for more than a year, I have found little to criticize in the ASP program here in Washington. Of course we run into a few eight-balls in the outfit, but that happens in any organization. Gunner Bales has a theory regarding a man's performance on this type duty. He says:

"A man joining our outfit might be the best damn FMF Marine there is, but the quality that makes a good policeman isn't necessarily the same mold that makes a good field soldier. If I can't give a man an excellent fitness report after a three-month indoctrination period, it's best for him and the outfit in general to move on to other pastures."

When I joined the outfit they handed me two pamphlets, one entitled "Patrolman's Handbook" and the other "Joint Agreement, (Revised) Armed Services Police." The second pamphlet concerning the Joint Agreement explained the mission, policy and supply procedures for the detachment. Three commands supply the detachment with personnel, equipment and material. The Army is directly under the Military

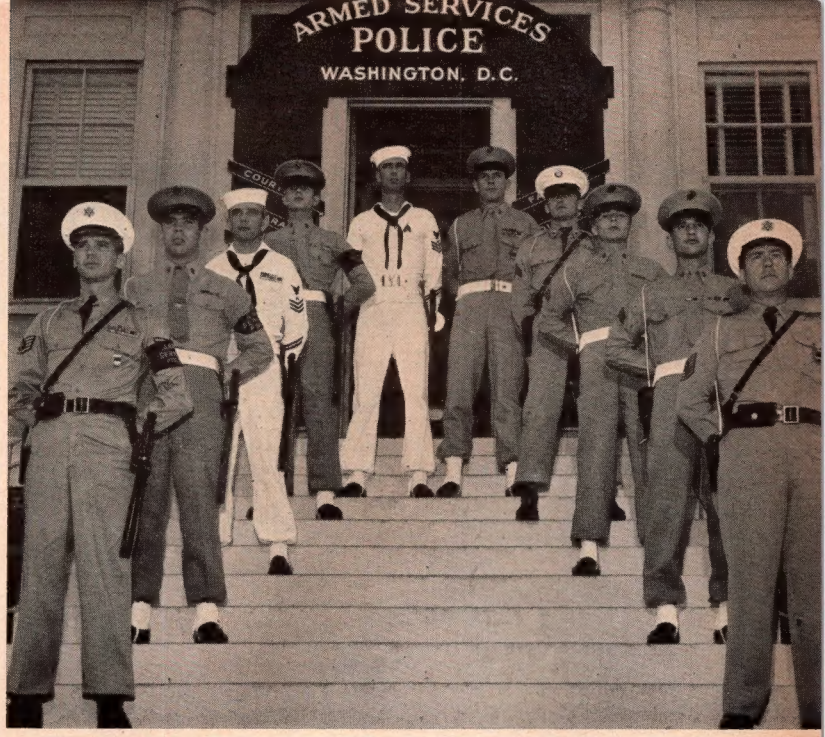


In addition to our regular duties, we attend special police school... The Arlington, Va., police check us out on how to ride a two-wheel cycle

District of Washington; the Navy and Marine Corps under the Potomac River Naval Command, and the Air Force, the Headquarters Command, USAF, Bolling Air Force Base, Washington, D. C.

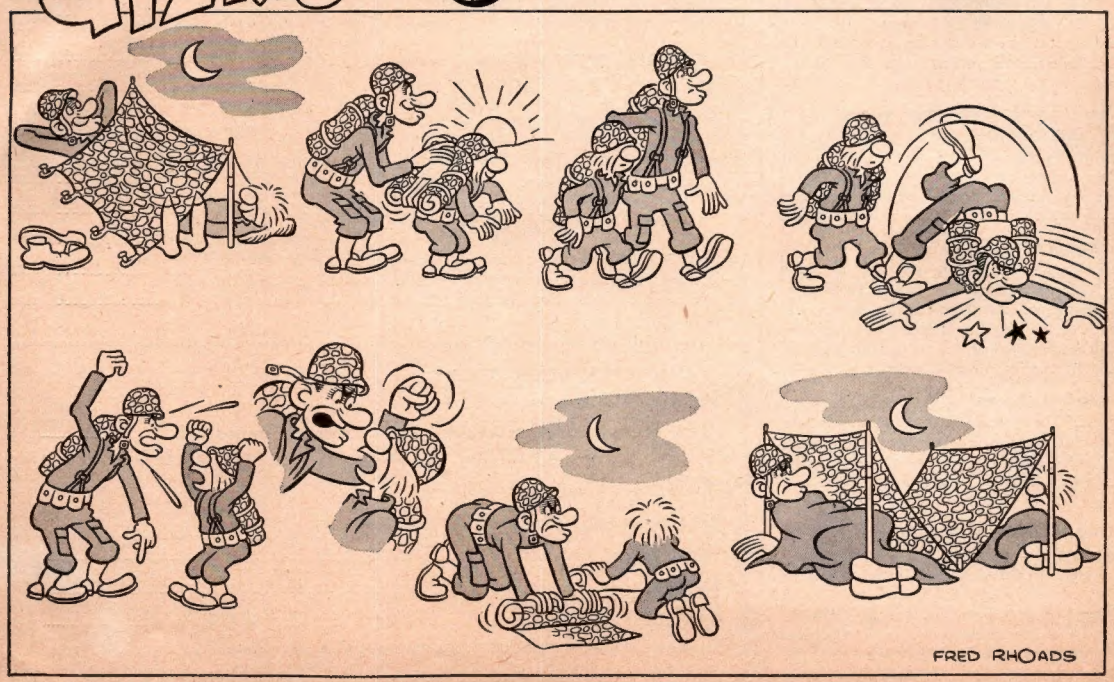
The first pamphlet gave me the scoop on the duties of the detachment, our standards and code of ethics. And during the year that I've been aboard, I've seen the unit strive in every manner to live up to that strict code.

How do you qualify for duty with the Armed Services Police? You must have passed your 21st birthday. Physically, you must be tops—and at least five-feet-nine inches in height, with a weight of more than 160 pounds. The detachment has a cutting score of 90 on the GCT, with preference of 105 or better. Previous experience requirements are at least two years military or equivalent police duty. Military Police or Shore Patrol training, or graduation from a service police school, such as Camp Gordon, Georgia, is desirable. Prior to final approval of your application, you will be screened by the detachment commander and the respective service COs—if you can pass the exams, you're eligible for the two-year tour of duty with the Armed Services Police. **END**




Investigation, Apprehension and Patrol—all units that I have been with. I keep pictures of the crew members in my scrapbook. It's a hobby

GIZMO and 8 INCOMPATIBILITY



# Leatherneck bookshop

## GENERAL INTEREST

**1. BORN TO FIGHT** by Ralph B. Jordan. The life story of Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, Jr., who is almost a legendary figure in American naval history. Always colorful and quick to coin an enduring phrase, he became one of the most respected naval officers in the Pacific campaigns. $2.00

**2. THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS** by Ewen Montague. A novel of one of the most fantastic hoaxes ever conceived. To mislead the Germans the identity of a man who never existed except on paper was established. The true story of how this man's capture paved the way for the landings in Normandy is vividly told by the man who conceived the plot. $2.75

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